

THE MIND'S EYE

A Liberal Arts Journal
Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts



Remembrance and Reflection: Remarks Delivered September 18, 2001

By John P. Frazee

Psycholinguistics: To Be Taboo or Not to Be

By Timothy Jay

Economy: Thoreau at the Turn of the Millennium

By Thomas Weston Fels

The Lure of Italy: Nathaniel Hawthorne and *The Marble Faun*

By Tony Gengareilly

Fiction by

Vivian Dorsel

Artwork

By John Fragassi

Poetry by

Anna M. Warrock

Ben Jacques

Jack Handler

Reviews by

Meera Tamaya

Robert Bence

Fall 2001

THE MIND'S EYE

A Liberal Arts Journal

FALL 2001

Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts

Editorial Board

Tony Gengarely
Managing Editor

Robert Bence

Bob Bishoff

Harold Brotzman

Sumi Colligan

Abbot Cutler

Steve Green

Bill Montgomery

Leon Peters

Meera Tamaya

© 2001 *The Mind's Eye*

ISSN 1098-0512

Technical assistance from Arlene Bouras

The Mind's Eye, a journal of scholarly and creative work, is published twice annually by Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts. While emphasizing articles of scholarly merit, *The Mind's Eye* focuses on a general communication of ideas of interest to a liberal arts college. We welcome expository essays, including reviews, as well as fiction, poetry and art. Please refer to the inside back cover for a list of writer's guidelines.

Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts

Formerly North Adams State College

375 Church Street

North Adams, MA 01247-4100

Visit our Web site: www.mcla.mass.edu/academics/mindseyexxx

THE MIND'S EYE

Fall 2001

Editor's File	4
Remembrance and Reflection: Remarks Delivered September 18, 2001	
By John P. Frazee	5
Psycholinguistics: To Be Taboo or Not to Be	
By Timothy Jay	7
The Storyteller	
Fiction by Vivian Dorsel	23
Economy: Thoreau at the Turn of the Millennium	
By Thomas Weston Fels	29
The Lure of Italy: Nathaniel Hawthorne and <i>The Marble Faun</i>	
By Tony Gengarely	41
Artwork	
By John Fragassi	51
Poetry by	
Anna M. Warrock	52
Ben Jacques	54
Jack Handler	55
Art and War in Classical Greece and Rome	
Book Review by Meera Tamaya	56
Ideas and Politics Do Matter	
Book Review by Robert Bence	60
Contributors	63

Editor's File

The world for us has changed dramatically since September 11, and this issue of *The Mind's Eye* cannot help but reflect these altered circumstances. John Frazee, Vice President for Academic Affairs at MCLA, speaking to the college on September 18, remarked: "The world we knew and took for granted only seven days ago is no more. We know now that what lies ahead for us . . . will be profoundly affected by these events." In different ways, Dr. Frazee's comment—part of a brief address that is published here—is echoed throughout this edition. Two untitled drawings by MCLA alumnus John Fragassi, done in the fall of 2000, take on a haunting significance as we contemplate them a year later. Nathaniel Hawthorne's dialectic between innocence and consciousness not only is the subject of a review essay but becomes a meditation, as we seek to penetrate the fog in one of John Fragassi's drawings. Will clarity of vision and a revitalized moral responsibility compensate for the loss we have experienced? Tom Fels's personal reminiscence about the relevancy of Thoreau's *Walden* for the 21st century takes on added dimension with the awareness of how we have become, in certain ways, not only "tools of our tools" but also victims of our own technology. And Bob Bence's review of *The Three Roosevelts* draws attention to the need, once again, for transformational leadership in America.

This issue is privileged as well to highlight the professional career of Professor Tim Jay in his thought-provoking "Psycholinguistics: To Be Taboo or Not to Be." We are also pleased to publish an engaging piece of short fiction, "The Storyteller," by Vivian Dorsel, and extraordinary poetry contributions, this time from Ben Jacques, Anna M. Warrock and Jack Handler. Meera Tamaya's astute review of John Onians' insights into the classical world of Greece and Rome provides an opportunity for literary as well as historical reflection.

The diversity and richness of this issue points to the way in which a college journal such as *The Mind's Eye* can be an important means of communication on topics of interest to a liberal arts audience. We welcome your comments and contributions.

Tony Gengarelly
Managing Editor

Remembrance and Reflection:

Remarks Delivered September 18, 2001

BY JOHN P. FRAZEE

On September 18, 2001, Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts paused for an "Hour of Remembrance and Reflection." The time was punctuated by hymns from the college choir and questions from students about the implications of the tragedies of September 11. Following are the opening remarks of Dr. John Frazee, Vice President for Academic Affairs.

A week ago today, more than 4000 citizens of the United States and more than 60 other countries lost their lives in terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. Another 60 people died in a plane crash in rural Pennsylvania, apparently having thwarted terrorists' plans to use the plane for yet another attack. Most of us have spent many hours during the past week watching the horrifying news footage of the attacks, listening to stories of heroism and loss, and following the investigation into the attacks and the attackers.

I imagine that most of us have also experienced a bewildering array of feelings over the past week: shock, horror, disbelief, fear, pride, grief, and anger. In churches, synagogues, and mosques around the country—and, indeed, around the world—services have been held to honor and mourn those who lost their lives in the attacks and those heroes who died trying to save lives in their aftermath. The week has

also seen amazing outpourings of generosity on the part of the American public and elsewhere as those of us not directly affected by this horror attempt to give whatever assistance we can—to do something to regain some measure of usefulness in a situation we are mostly powerless to affect.

Years from now, we will all remember the past seven days. We will remember vividly where we were and what we were doing when we first learned of the attacks, and we will remember what we felt as the full horror of these events became clear. In time, we will come to recognize the events of the week as a watershed in our experience and in the experience of the world.

A week after the unspeakable atrocities committed in New York, Washington, and Pennsylvania, we are beginning to understand that the world we knew and took for granted only seven days ago is no more. We know now that what lies ahead for us individually and as a society will be profoundly affected by these events.

Our sense of shock and our grieving for the loss of life will not end this week or next, but they will gradually subside. As they do, we begin to want to comprehend not just the facts of the attacks but their *meaning*. Why this? Why now? Why us? We have questions that cannot be answered by sound bytes or video clips.

These deeper and broader questions have brought us together this afternoon. We are blessed to be part of an institution committed to the search for truth and to the essential importance of an educated citizenry. Ordinarily, our business proceeds at a measured pace, with no particular sense of urgency. The events of the past week, though, remind us of the fundamental—even *urgent*—importance of taking our commitments seriously. The main contribution this academic community can make in this time of great national distress is to apply our talents and experience to understanding what has happened—to replace slogans, stereotypes, and simple answers with knowledge and a fuller appreciation of the complexity of this new reality and the forces that created it.

We cannot hope to answer all our questions or resolve all our concerns today. But we can make a beginning. In the weeks and months ahead, my hope for all of us is that the conversations we begin today will deepen and broaden. In thus fulfilling our educational mission, this academic community can best prepare us to understand, and by understanding resist, the forces now unleashed upon the earth.

Psycholinguistics: To Be Taboo or Not to Be

BY TIMOTHY JAY

One of the meanings of “the mind’s eye” in psycholinguistics is the point of view taken by a reader or the narrator of a story. For example, if you ask a person to describe the interior of his or her home, he or she will produce a visual-spatial guided tour of the layout from a particular location or orientation in the house. From the verbal description of the house, the layout becomes embodied knowledge through the listener’s mind’s eye. The listener realizes or perceptually knows what is up, down, left, right, etc., in the house. My purpose here is to give you a mind’s-eye view of the field of psycholinguistics from my location at MCLA. I will be commenting on my personal experience as well as placing my work in a larger context. By the end of my narrative, you should know a little bit about my discipline and where I fit in it. Here is a clue—my position is outside the main room in many important ways. It is as if I am in an antechamber on the threshold of the discipline, but not in the center of the room—yet.

The Field of Psycholinguistics

Psycholinguistics is a subfield of cognitive psychology, the study of the higher mental processes, reasoning, problem solving, creativity, intelligence and memory. It emerged in the early 1960s as the scientific study of language processes—how we comprehend, produce and learn written, spoken or signed language. Its existence was the result of a paradigmatic shift or scientific revolution in psychology that moved a discipline deeply entrenched in behaviorism toward rationalism and a new theory of the mind. The new paradigm has changed the metaphor of psychology from the behavior of a laboratory rat to the information processing of a digital computer. Cognitive psychology and psycholinguistics are products of what has been called “the cognitive revolution.” The birth of psycholinguistics can be traced in part to the debate over the nature of language between MIT linguist Noam Chomsky and Harvard behaviorist-psychologist B. F. Skinner. This was a classic nature-versus-nurture dispute; that is, whether the facility for language was innate or learned. Chomsky won the debate, turning the field of psychology 180 degrees away from behaviorism. The cognitive revolution skewed questions about language to fit Chomsky’s paradigm regarding a theory of innate syntax or grammar he called the linguistic acquisition device (LAD).

In the 1960s, psycholinguistic research was dominated by linguistics-oriented questions about the *structure* of language; but since then, research has shifted back to its psychological *functions*, examining how people use and understand language. Computational linguistics and computer models of language processing heavily influence psycholinguistics. This is especially true today for adherents of connectionism or parallel distributed processing (PDP) (see Rumelhart and McClelland) and more recently in the form of optimality theory (Prince and Smolensky). The reliance on computer models of psychological processes and a shift away from the use of laboratory animals had the unfortunate effect of shutting the door on studies of emotions and the process of socialization. Computers do not have emotions, nor do they live in communities. The bloodless, emotionless decontextualized computer models, of course, do not understand or produce the emotional language that humans learn at the age of two. This emotional void is not viewed as a problem by the computer modelers.

The field of psycholinguistics has expanded exponentially in 40 years. Since the late 1970s, this definition of the discipline has broadened to include several new perspectives, such as pragmatics, which is the study of the social use of language. Other influences are evidenced by the proliferation of scientific journals dedicated to answering questions about language processes. Currently, there is considerable interest in research on cross-cultural linguistic comparisons, brain-language imaging, gestural or sign-language acquisition, language disorders and bilingualism. These new perspectives are constantly revealing information about the fundamental aspects of language and language learning. Once the melding of psychology and linguistics, psycholinguistics is currently part of the multidisciplinary approach referred to as cognitive science, which includes linguistics, perception, artificial intelligence, anthropology, psychology and neuroscience. We can see the scope of psycholinguistics by outlining how some psycholinguists do their work.

How Do Psycholinguists Work?

Let's start with some early neuroscience research. Psychologists and physicians have always been interested in how the brain processes language. Brain and language anatomy studies date back four centuries. One of the revolutionary events in neuroscience was credited to Paul Broca, who discovered in the 1860s that the facility for articulate language was located in the perisylvian area of the left frontal lobe of the cerebral cortex. It was there that his patient M. Leborgne had developed a tumor and lost his ability to produce articulate speech. Leborgne could understand speech and he could swear (*Sacre nom de Dieu!*) when angered; I will return to this point later. These early brain studies were crude, relying on autopsies of clinical patients. The current state of neurolinguistics is amazing. New technology has opened the door to a whole world of new questions about brain and language. The advent and advancement of brain imaging, especially fMRI and PET technology, has invigorated interest in neurological correlates of language processing, language disorder and links between emotion and language. A good example of brain imaging during cognition is the award-winning and oft-cited work of Michael Posner and Marcus Raichle, *Images of Mind*. In it one can see PET scans of different areas of the cortex working on unique aspects of language processing; for

example, visual processing during reading in the occipital lobes and auditory processing during listening in the temporal lobe.

Like scholars working in cognitive science, psycholinguists tend to find a niche in a research setting, dig in and grind out the research. It is the rare scholar such as Noam Chomsky who can write so broadly and prolifically about politics, media, government and language. Steven Pinker is another linguist who has the rare ability to publish frequently in scholarly journals and write best-sellers such as *The Language Instinct* and *How the Mind Works*. Only a few psycholinguists, such as Roger Brown, George Miller, Elizabeth Bates and Brian MacWhinney, publish in multiple areas of the discipline. One can get a sense of how specialized the field has become by looking at the table of contents of a textbook for psycholinguistics. The chapters include subject matter specific to research areas such as speech perception, speech production, language acquisition, language and thought, bilingualism, nonliteral language, discourse processes, reading processes, semantics, neurolinguistics, forensic linguistics and therapeutic dialogue.

Looking through the citation list for a textbook, one notices that a particular scholar's work is generally mentioned in only one chapter on a specific topic in that chapter. This is the scholar's niche. The idea of a specialization or niche is critical, because it reveals how scholars work and what they do to build an academic reputation. One also can discover specialty areas in any discipline by using its search engine to find topics or authors. The PsycINFO database accessible through MCLA IntraGate can uncover the work of many psycholinguists whose research appears in a textbook. Here are the results of some recent searches in psycholinguistics. David Balota has published 98 papers on lexical access (finding word meaning in the mental dictionary). In the area of child language learning, there is plenty of research by Catherine Snow, who has 67 publications, and Elizabeth Bates, who has 98. In neurolinguistics, one finds the work of Marta Kutas, who has 87 studies of evoked brain potentials and language comprehension. I can also check up on the work of some of my associates at the University of California at Los Angeles. I worked with Eran Zaidel, who has written 66 papers on the lateralization of language functions; Don MacKay, author of 59 papers on language comprehension and aging; and Nancy Henley, who pioneered UCLA women's studies in the late 1960s and wrote 27 articles about language and gender issues.

Finally, on the topic of reading processes, one cannot ignore one of the most prolific writers and researchers in the country, Keith Rayner at the University of Massachusetts-Amherst, with 155 publications that focus on eye movements during reading. Let's move on to look at how researchers approach current questions in the discipline.

Some Contemporary Issues in Psycholinguistics

Here is a brief sample of the kinds of problems psycholinguists are tackling right now. One of the interesting areas of research in child language acquisition focuses on how the child learns complex linguistic structures during the preschool period. This research draws on knowledge of both developmental psychology and morphosyntactic structure. Children all over the world acquire language in a very predictable manner. They begin learning the syntactically simple aspects of native speech first. In most cases, nouns and verbs are acquired early. Most of the language spurt between the ages of two and three consists of learning object labels. Much later in development, children learn morphological rules for past-tense inflections.

One question of interest is, Why do three-year-olds learning English say things like "We goed to the store," regularizing an irregular verb? This question evokes one of the central controversies in language-acquisition research: Are children learning language by computing language "rules" or by learning the statistical regularities in language data they hear? For example, does the child learn a rule that to place regular verbs in the past tense one adds -ed; or does the child observe that most of the time, when the parents are talking about something in the past, the action words end with -ed? Irregular verbs are the exceptions, if one believes in rules. Whether by rules or regularities, irregular verbs have to be learned by rote. Fortunately, many irregular verbs are frequently used in English and can be easily learned after the regularities have been computed. The rules-versus-regularities debate has not been resolved (*Pinker Ingredients*).

By the way, inflections, which I referred to in the preceding paragraphs, are word endings such as those for past tense (play-ed) or possession (Tom-'s). The person on the street uses inflection to describe dialect or intonation. Inflections to language researchers do not describe how language is pronounced. Pronunciation concerns prosody, dialect, emphasis and intonation. Inflections are word endings that

change the meaning of a word in some way. English is a highly inflected or morphologically complex language. Inflections are more problematic for children learning English than for children learning less inflected languages, such as Hebrew or Russian.

One of the interesting problems in language comprehension research focuses on how we parse or syntactically analyze the meaning of a garden-path sentence (GPS). An example of a GPS is, "The horse raced past the barn fell"; or one of my favorites, "Fat people eat accumulates." Things seem to be going quite well in the comprehension process of a GPS until we get to the end of the sentences and find those troublesome verbs. We have been led down the linguistic garden path, thinking the first verb we parsed was the main verb of the sentence. When we get to the last verb, we have to abandon the original parsing of the sentence and retrace until it makes sense. One way to figure out what is going on in GPS processing is to monitor readers' eye fixations as they read a printed sentence. Usually, people get stuck in a GPS and end up fixating significantly longer at the point where parsing breaks down relative to fixations in non-GPSs. Another way to map confusion during the comprehension process is to use brain imaging or to monitor brain-wave activity. Neuroscientists monitor brain energy levels with MRI and PET scans, or they monitor brain-wave activity through electrodes on the scalp (evoked potentials) during the reading of normal and anomalous sentences. The brain-wave activity is different for semantic anomalies (e.g., "Bobcats hunt mice squirrels rabbits laughs and many other . . .") than it is for syntactic anomalies (e.g., "Turtles spit out things they does not like to eat"). These eye-tracking and brain-monitoring techniques give an on-line account of what is happening during the comprehension process.

One of the traditional problems in speech production research is how to account for the location and timing of speech errors or slips of the tongue. The speech production process unfolds through a series of stages:

1. Find an idea to be expressed.
2. Generate a sentence frame.
3. Create an intonation contour for the sentence frame.
4. Select the appropriate words and inflections.
5. Apply the phonological codes to the words.
6. Generate a motor plan and say the sentence.

On the path to an ideal speech plan, speakers frequently make mistakes somewhere in the speech production process. The kind of slip made tells us where it happened. A slip such as "I have a home in my phone" occurs earlier in the plan (stage 4) than a slip such as "Don't forget to buy some frake bluid" (stage 5). In the first slip, the appropriate words have exchanged places. In the second slip, the words are in the right places but their phonemes (speech sounds) are exchanged. Lexical items have to be selected before their phonological codes can be applied.

Recent speech production research has shown that if you show people a photograph and ask them to describe what is in the scene (e.g., a dog chasing a mailman), the pattern of their eye fixations (e.g., mailman -> dog) will indicate the ordering of the nouns in the sentence they are about to speak (e.g., "The mailman is chased by the dog"). This is a good example of how eye movement reveals the content of thought; that is, the plan about to be produced. Unfortunately, psycholinguists have not explained very well the more intriguing types of slips called Freudian slips. Freudian slips are the kind of errors that are personally revealing and/or sexually provocative. Some of my favorites are the man who called his girlfriend his ex-wife's name, the mother who refers to one child but uses another sibling's name or the woman who tells her partner, "You don't give me enough money—er—I mean, love." What is in their minds' eyes? Are the name slips insulting or flattering? How is it that love is related to money?

One final example of research is from the topic of conversational pragmatics. One rule of conversation that most of us try to obey is to be "polite," which is a complex concept that governs turn-taking, changes in the topic of discussion, opening and closing routines, not being too wordy and not being too precise. A good example of maintaining politeness is the way we go about asking someone for help without doing so in direct terms. We use a device called an indirect request; for example, asking, "Do you have a watch?" or "Don't you think it's a bit stuffy in here?" rather than asserting directly what we want, such as, "Tell me what time it is" or "Open that window." Another interesting pragmatic maneuver is to use sarcastic irony to mute our true feelings about some situation. For example, when my four-year-old daughter dropped the milk jug onto the floor, I said to her, "That's real nice." But four-year-olds do not understand sarcasm and she just gave me one of those puzzled four-year-old looks. Children

do not get the nonliteral meaning of figurative speech until the age of six or seven. Sarcasm comes in handy in the Berkshires for alleviating stress and making funny comments about our environment—"I just can't wait to move into the Berkshire Towers" or "Don't you just love these Berkshire winters?" Studies of pragmatics are close to the subject matter that really intrigues me about language—its social and emotional functions.

Achieving recognition in psycholinguistics or other disciplines would seem to present a paradox: being specialized enough to generate important research on a particular topic while being well read enough in the general field to know what the scope of the field is and where it is headed. The solution might hinge on the motivation to keep working, writing and reading; these may be the efforts that separate the talented from the mediocre in a discipline. Writing 60, 90 or 150 articles is a lot of work for a scholar, but large universities provide support for productivity. It is necessary to find a niche and be productive in a major university. At a small college, one is more likely to be expected to be a Jack- or Jill-of-all-trades, and success depends on a lot of individual initiative and spare time. I have tried to achieve success in psycholinguistics through research on cursing. Achieving academic success appears to require the ability to tolerate a high degree of failure and rejection while constantly working. Another important trait is finding the right questions to ask in a discipline. It is one thing to find answers to important questions but quite another to ask an important question. There are plenty of unanswered questions about cursing. I have tried to be particularly pragmatic and judicious about my research, which is why I keep asking myself, Of all the things we don't know about cursing, what will be most important in the long run?

My Perspective: Speech Is Always Social and Emotional

By the time I was in high school, I was on my way to becoming a psychologist. I was reading Freud, Lenny Bruce and J. D. Salinger. When I started undergraduate studies at Miami University, the field of psycholinguistics was just beginning to take off. The course that marked my future was Language and Thought. That was where I first read about linguistic relativity, word magic and semantic theory. I complemented my studies in psychology with several courses in linguistics taught by Hungarian scholar Andrew Kerek. After graduating from

Miami University, I completed graduate training at Kent State University under the guidance of Joseph Danks, a product of the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton who was mentored by the eminent psychologist Sam Glucksberg. I was the first student to take comprehensive exams in psycholinguistics at KSU. Professor Danks encouraged me to complete my master's and doctoral-level work by conducting traditional psycholinguistic research with taboo words as stimuli.

I do not think I could have achieved what I have here at MCLA at a mainstream university. In graduate school, I could not see that one does not do cursing research in the mainstream. Grants and funding go elsewhere. While my graduate research was personally intellectually satisfying, I think the decision to work with taboo words forever marked me as an outsider, a psycholinguistic black sheep. No one else does what I do. I have to question whether computer-inspired psycholinguistics can incorporate my work. Taboo speech does not fit very well with the body of research as I described it above. At the same time, my research cannot be ignored, because it taps an essential emotional aspect of human communication.

My misdirection in research was not sufficient to keep me from finding a teaching job after graduate school as a cognitive psychologist/psycholinguist. Whether I was to continue doing research with taboo language in my early days was questionable. In my first semester here, my chairman would not sponsor my contribution to the Eastern Psychological Association conference in Boston. I had to ask a colleague from KSU to sponsor me. Secretaries refused to type my manuscripts.

It became clear to me that the topic of taboo words was going to be problematic for academics. Most of us do not speak this language on the job. But I could not stop doing research. I was interested in unearthing the deep emotional and social underpinnings of language that few had explored since the demise of behaviorism. In this choice, I had made an exit from the main room of psycholinguistics and I did not realize it. This estrangement was realized and abetted on a physical level. By moving from a mainstream research-oriented university to a small teaching college, which is what MCLA was when I arrived, I could continue my taboo research in the antechamber, unaware that I was no longer in the main room.

I will never confess to studying taboo words because they are titillating—far from it. I study emotional language because I have a fear of it. Mine is not a fear of words; it is an ignorance of deep emotional communication; that is, how to express myself in a deeply emotional way. The language of science is easy for me; it is objective, distant, concrete and emotionally cool. What I have trouble speaking and writing is the language of compassion, caring, devotion, contempt, anger, hate and disdain for others. One of the hardest questions for me to answer is “How do you feel?”

Maintaining a cool distance from people was how my parents raised me—to be quiet, independent, self-reliant and aloof. It was good training for science but not for understanding our inner emotional lives. I want to subdue taboo words by knowing them scientifically. Emotional language is still a foreign dialect to me. I continue to study how we connect emotional states to verbal symbols. I am getting better at connecting words to emotions, but part of my problem is being a middle-aged male. We are not supposed to be emotional, except for expressing anger. When we are emotional, we use conventionalized emotional terms such as taboo words. They are emotional shorthand, carrying the burden of being both personally meaningful and universal. They seem too easily spoken to get a handle on the emotions that give rise to them. This is a puzzle I am trying to solve with research.

If not from Lenny Bruce, my interest in the emotional side of speech dates back to reading about Broca's patient Leborgne. While the entire field of psycholinguistics had focused on what Leborgne had lost, what seemed more interesting to me was what remained; that is, Leborgne's ability to produce emotional speech amidst severe left-hemisphere brain damage. Here is where my original interests began to diverge from the field. How could we ignore this interesting symptom of brain damage? Currently, thanks to trends in brain imaging and neuroscience, emotional speech is becoming recognized as an important issue. Emotional speech is now identified with the right hemisphere's special role in emotional awareness with ties to subcortical areas in the limbic system, especially the amygdala, which plays a significant role in emotional perception and expression. What once was ignored is now viewed as an essential aspect of human communication. Psycholinguists, psychologists and psychiatrists now are working to fill the “emotion gap” created by ignoring the phenomenon over the past century of research.

The model underlying my recent book *Why We Curse* was just a bit ahead of the times, waiting for others to catch up.

My discipline has lost sight of the personal and cultural nature of speech. I am committed to the idea that language is a psychological, biological and cultural phenomenon. The neuro-psycho-social theory of speech (NPS) in *Why We Curse* was developed around the idea that language is always and all at once a multifaceted phenomenon learned through social interaction with native speakers. The main reason we learn language is to do things to other people with it. One of the ways to demonstrate the NPS nature of language is by looking at cross-cultural studies of coprolalia; that is, involuntary obscene speech symptomatic of many people who have Tourette's syndrome (TS). While the clinical picture in TS is uniform, the kinds of words and phrases uttered during a coprolalic episode depend on the culture and personality of the patient. What a young Muslim girl in Kuwait with TS will do is very different from what we observe her counterparts doing in Japan, Denmark or the UK. Her speech may reveal the role of religion in her culture, while the outburst in Japanese is more likely to focus on ancestral allusions. These culturally dependent coprophomena reveal the nexus of the NPS factors.

After 25 years of work, I have grown tired of waiting in the wings. Now I am trying to enter the main room of psycholinguistics by writing a textbook on the psychology of language. I wrote the first draft in 2000, roughly 800 pages, including a 50-page bibliography, and sent it to my publisher to be reviewed. Most of the contents of the first draft came from years of research and teaching about the psychology of language. I was not ready for what was about to happen to my book. Some reviewers liked my view of the literature; but most did not think it was comprehensive enough or current enough for adoption. After 25 years of teaching psycholinguistics, the truth came crashing down on me. My primary focus on the emotional aspects of language had left me out of touch with the mainstream and out of date. I felt like an intellectual mongrel. It has taken me another year of intense reading and writing to make up for my inadequacies. My newfound diligence allowed me to double the size of the book and its citations. The book is now in production.

Looking back, I do not think I have ever been more up to date in the literature of psycholinguistics than when I studied for my

comprehensive exams in graduate school. I memorized the studies in my mentors' text, *Experimental Psycholinguistics* (Glucksberg and Danks), enough to easily pass my comps. After graduate school, I just kept teaching here at MCLA and lost sight of the fact that I was out of the mainstream intellectually. The nearest psycholinguist I could talk to in person was an hour away. My textbook writing experience helped reinforce the feeling of detachment I share with a number of my colleagues. We sense we are "way out" here in the Berkshires, cut off from the intellectual bloodline. Sometimes we feel like our campus is a small satellite orbiting the academic mother planet. Our detachment makes necessary participation in conferences, academic sabbatical leaves and communication with colleagues through the Internet. These habits are essential to buffer the sense of isolation. But I must admit that being out of the mainstream probably helped me develop my unusual field of expertise in taboo speech. This year, I finally realized that my work has been a blessing and not a curse.

In the scope of things, the function of taboo words has direct application to many mainstream issues in psycholinguistics. For example, my graduate work examined lexical semantics—the shades of meaning that a word can take on, as well as how word meaning shifts from context to context. Consider the shades of meaning of a word like *ass*. My research on name-calling reveals the deep social connections we have to speech and how we use speech to criticize, discriminate, harass, seduce, humor and cajole our friends and enemies. Through the study of children's cursing, I show how emotional language changes with intellectual development and social awareness. It has been hard for some of my readers to accept the fact that all children know how to curse; they are not angels, they are animals. Our research in mental-health settings and nursing homes exposed the role of emotional speech in mental disorders. We demonstrated what happens during the process of aging and senile decline; that is, the return to some very basic emotions and behaviors.

One of the most interesting aspects of my research is how frequently cursing causes problems in popular culture. This is not rocket science. We all have some sense of what is happening in our culture. We all live in popular culture and know the problems. Taboo language is problematic for television, radio, music lyrics, sports, comics, motion pictures, T-shirts, bumper stickers, tattoos, license plates

and advertisements. There is no end to these issues. Popular culture obsolesces quickly and these issues are rarely intellectually satisfying. Focusing on popular issues is no substitute for empirical research.

My most powerful and satisfying work has been in the legal applications of taboo-word research to issues such as First Amendment rights, school language policies, sexual harassment, workplace speech and broadcast standards. Helping determine the nature of emotional speech and its limitations in North America is a tremendous challenge, one that most social scientists never experience. There is nothing quite like being an expert witness. Sitting in federal court in Omaha a few years ago, arguing on behalf of an African-American woman who swore at a police officer, was a mind-altering experience. Waiting there with the woman's family, I wondered, Where would I have to go in America to be arrested for saying one word? That case opened up a new line of "fighting words" research for me. What does the law mean by "fighting words"? This is a notion currently inscribed in states' disorderly conduct statutes that goes back to the 1940s and that allows the police to arrest just about anyone with an offensive mouth. Each time I write up a deposition, I see the power of my data on cultural and legal levels. This legal extension of my research is always rewarding and I have been asked many times to give my opinion regarding freedom of speech. This work catches people's attention. It has been hailed by Paul Harvey and Anna Quindlen and reviled by Miss Manners and James O'Connor. It used to feel good to be in the press, but now I don't know.

Since I have been interviewed more than 400 times since 1986, let me comment about that. Television is fast, superficial and cheap. Almost all of it defies and insults our academic training. You probably already know this. Except for one talk show in Chicago, which gave me \$40 for two days' work, I have received no compensation for my appearances. I am becoming increasingly resistant to appearing on television for several reasons. It is difficult to control the content of my message. I generally am asked to respond to some event in popular culture. Big deal. I never have enough time to get the point across. Every conversation is censored. I cannot talk about what I study; I can only talk around it. This plays into the networks' power to censor and control the meaning of the message. However, emotional speech by nature resists censorship. The networks will not air real emotional outbursts, because they must maintain the illusion of control—that

TV is safe. Controversial topics such as sex education, racism, corporate power and obscenity have no place here, masking what really happens in the real world.

While the networks usually tempt me by saying they will promote my books, television and radio appearances do not make any difference in my book sales. In effect, they undermine my credibility as a scientist and they are wholly unprofitable economically and intellectually. As a professor, one has 50 minutes to construct, support and criticize an argument; this is impossible on network television. A 50-minute taped interview will be edited to three sound bites—the ones the network likes, rather than the author's main points. I have learned to say what I want to say in a live interview regardless of the question I am asked; that way, I control the message.

Newspaper interviews with *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *The Washington Post* and the like are much more satisfying than those on television. Newspapers reach a different audience. But many of my complaints just voiced about television still apply to the print medium. In the newspaper business, at least one has time for fact checking and editing before the interview goes to print. We readers can put our hands on the final product, too. The words do not effervesce into thin air like they do on television and radio. In the end, the media for entertainment value and profit usurp most academics' intellectual labor. We might be better off to publish our opinions in the scholarly press and avoid the exploitation by the news conglomerates. I suggest posting controversial messages on the Internet if you want to avoid censorship.

Where are we now? I constantly struggle with the demands of teaching *and* doing research. It is easy to fall behind the research curve at a state college. To work as a productive scholar and to generate research in psycholinguistics, one has to be well read in several disciplines. One cannot publish at a scholarly level in psycholinguistics as a generalist, because the field is too specialized. Looking to the future in experimental psychology, I think one could accurately characterize the discipline as one heavily influenced by progress in cognitive neuroscience. What does this mean for our students? It does not mean educating psychology students as generalists. They should be well read in research on brain, behavior and technology. MCLA needs to be graduating psychology majors fully prepared to enter the workplace,

graduate school, law school or medical school with a deep understanding of the scientific method and a knowledge of how brain, biology, behavior, culture and cognition interact. For a professor to reach a high level of understanding so as to impart that knowledge to students, one has to do more than read about research. Professors and students have to do some research. In this way, psychology has always been similar to other laboratory sciences.

Here is how we work in the Psychology Department. I have been preparing my research assistants Krista King and Tim Duncan for graduate school in psychology. As I write this, we are analyzing cursing narratives of college students; that is, their recollections of how they were treated by their parents for cursing. We collected data in the spring and have just finished analyzing these fascinating stories over the summer. Yes, mothers do wash their children's mouths out with soap. Our research will be important to those who read the literature on parenting, language acquisition, discourse processes, gender differences and autobiographical memory. This project has what we call "legs"; that is, it has great potential to generate more empirical questions. The research team is proud of its long hours of work in Murdock Hall. We will submit our research for publication and for conference presentation. Next year, Tim and Krista will be in graduate school because of their talents and hard work.

What I like most about psychological research is finding answers to questions. This is what sustains my interest in writing about cursing, finding and reporting something new. Through my hard-working research assistants and colleagues, I realize what a scholar should be doing at MCLA—participating in a significant intellectual and emotional life.

Works Cited

- Chomsky, Noam. *Language and Mind*. New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1968.
- Glucksberg, Sam, and Joseph H. Danks. *Experimental Psycholinguistics: An Introduction*. Hillsdale, NJ: Erlbaum, 1975.
- Jay, Timothy. *Why We Curse: A Neuro-psycho-social Theory of Speech*. Philadelphia: John Benjamins, 2000.
- Pinker, Steven. *The Language Instinct*. New York: Morrow, 1994.
- . *How the Mind Works*. New York: Norton, 1997.
- . *Words and Rules: The Ingredients of Language*. New York: Basic Books, 1999.
- Posner, Michael I., and Marcus E. Raichle. *Images of Mind*. New York: Scientific American Library, 1994.
- Prince, A., and P. Smolensky. "Optimality: From Neural Networks to Universal Grammar." *Science* 275.5306 (1997): 1604–10.
- Rumelhart, David, E., and James L. McClelland. *Parallel Distributed Processing: Explorations in the Microstructure of Cognition*. Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1986.

Fiction

The Storyteller

BY VIVIAN DORSEL

Tell me a story," she said.

"What kind of a story?" he asked, frowning at the crack across the ceiling. "We've been in this room before."

"What? How do you know? There must be a hundred rooms in this hotel."

"And we've probably been here twenty-five, thirty times. I recognize the ceiling," he added. "Anyway, what kind of a story do you want this time?"

"Not like the last one. That scared me—you know, the one about the rabid dog—I couldn't sleep for three nights afterward. And I know there was an animal lurking in the clump of trees at the bend in the driveway. I saw a shadow there—from my bedroom window."

"You didn't like the one before that, either—the one about the two orphan girls. If the stories bother you so much, why do you keep asking for them?"

"It isn't that I don't like them. . . . Oh, I see what you mean—the crack in the ceiling, it's shaped like a sword, the way it comes to a point there. I remember that from before, too. I remember thinking it was an omen. It was the first or second time we came here, and I was afraid someone who knows my husband would recognize us."

"What do you mean, it isn't that you don't like them? If they scare you so much that you can't sleep. . . ."

"It's just that sometimes I think you *want* to frighten me—you know—with the stories. After that one—two weeks ago—those two little girls came to the door, selling chocolate bars for their school, and they were dressed exactly like the two girls in the story, with navy-blue pleated skirts and white blouses. . . ."

"That's the uniform!" he said, laughing. "Saint Catherine's School, over on the East Side. Two little Catholic schoolgirls selling candy, and you act as if they're ogres. You really must pull yourself together, you know."

"And last week—the dog—I saw it, first as I passed the alley next to the hotel, then again in the park two days later." She clutched the sheet, making fists with both hands.

"But you keep asking me to tell them, every week. I must have told you twenty—at least—by now." He smiled. "Scheherazade and the Sultan—with the genders reversed. If I stop amusing you, will you have me put to death?"

She sat up, abruptly. "What a terrible idea!" she exclaimed, holding the sheet to her naked chest with one hand. "What made you say a thing like that?"

He shrugged. "Isn't that what I'm here for—your amusement?"

"Oh, let's not start that again! You know there's nothing I can do about the situation." She lay back down, then immediately sat back up. "And you must promise me not to do anything—no unnecessary risks. We must be careful."

"Just coming to the same place every week is an unnecessary risk," he said. "It's a mistake to get into a routine; that's how people are discovered—by following the same pattern all the time. Next time, come to my place; you've never been there."

"No, that's impossible! What if one of your neighbors saw me, or noticed my car? It's not the same as a casual passerby, someone who doesn't know either of us." She settled back into the pillow again. "Tell me a story."

"Once upon a time there was a beautiful princess. . . ."

"Why do you always begin the same way, with 'Once upon' . . . ?"

"Quiet! A great author once said that every story should begin with 'Once upon a time.' Anyway, I'm the one who's telling it, not you. Just listen."

He began again. "*Once upon a time there was a beautiful princess, the*

fairest in the land. She had long blonde hair"—he picked up a strand of her hair and wound it around his finger—"blue eyes and a happy smile. She was in love with a young man from the village, and he with her. But her father, the king, said she must marry the prince from a neighboring country, the son of his good friend King Richard. She did not want to marry the prince, but being a dutiful daughter, she obeyed her father. Her new husband was handsome, intelligent, charming and rich—after all, he was a prince—and all the ladies of her father's court told her that, in time, she would grow to love him."

"Something tells me I'm not going to like this story, either," she said.

"Shhhh. . . . One day, while shopping in the village, the princess encountered, for the first time in three years, the young man she had loved before her marriage. As soon as she saw him, she knew that she had made a mistake—she would never grow to love her husband. The young man had not married, and told the princess that he never would. He said that one week later, he would be at a small hotel in the next town, if she wished to see him again."

"Oh, it's four o'clock already! I have to go!" She jumped to her feet, grabbing her clothes off the chair, off the floor, from wherever they had fallen when she had entered the room.

"To be continued next week," he said. "Where's your car parked?"

"Two blocks away, in the big supermarket lot."

"OK, I'm in the other direction. You leave by the side door, and I'll wait fifteen minutes and go out the back."

She placed her key on the bureau and left.

• • •

He blew a smoke ring toward the ceiling.

"Why do you always do that?" she asked.

"Do what?"

"Smoke—afterward. It makes me feel as though you've just finished a good meal. Like I'm a slab of prime rib, or something."

He laughed. "And a very rare one, at that."

"It isn't funny."

He reached over and brushed his hand across her cheek. "Well, I suppose the two *are* related—eating and sex—but it's just a habit, nothing for you to get upset over."

She sighed resignedly. "Tell me a story," she said.

"I thought you'd never ask. Let's see . . . where was I? Oh, yes—the princess and her old boyfriend had made an assignation for the hotel in the next town. *The day came, and he was waiting in the room,*

looking out the window into the side street. She'll never come, he thought. It was foolish of me to even think of it. Too much is at stake."

"I told you I don't like this story," she said.

"You end up not liking any of them, anyway. So I think I'll just continue with this one.

"As the young man watched from the window, the princess turned the corner and hurried toward the hotel's side entrance. She was wearing sunglasses and a wide-brimmed straw hat, but he would have known her anywhere. Two minutes later, the phone rang. He picked it up. 'Room three-twenty-five,' he said, and put the phone down. It wasn't until he heard the knock on the door that he realized he'd been holding his breath.

"They spent four hours together, their lovemaking interspersed with intense conversation—recollections of their earlier times together, declarations of how they had longed for each other during the past three years, promises of endless devotion. When it was time for the princess to leave, they made arrangements to meet the following week, at the same time and place. Again the young man watched the side street from the window as the princess, her face shielded with the hat and sunglasses, hurried from the hotel and turned the corner.

"That day was just the beginning. Their passion-filled afternoons continued, week after week. Rather than tiring of each other, the princess and her lover came to live only for those four hours in room three-twenty-five, the rest of their week becoming something they had to endure between meetings. The young man had proposed many times that they run away together, but the princess always responded, fearfully, that it was out of the question. After four months, he told her that he could not bear these clandestine meetings any longer, and that if she did not come away with him, he would leave the country without her, forever. Distressed, she finally agreed to consider his plan and let him know her decision the following week.

"On that day, watching as usual from the hotel-room window, he saw a shadowy figure slip out of a doorway across from the hotel and follow the princess around the corner."

"I knew it. Something terrible is going to happen," she said. "Why do you always do this to me?" She got out of bed and began putting on her clothes. "I have to leave now, anyway. Try to think of something better for next time."

"You looked especially lovely today, walking across the street in that flowered skirt," he said, lighting a cigarette and dropping the match into

the glass ashtray beside the bed. "I was watching from the window."

"Someone else was watching, too," she said. "A man—he's been following me all week. He was outside the dentist's building after my appointment Monday—and again at the tearoom where I had lunch with my sister on Wednesday."

"What does he look like?" he asked.

"Very ordinary—you know, average height, medium-brown hair, nondescript clothes, commonplace features."

"You wouldn't be much help as a witness in court," he said.

"Well, I can't help it," she replied. "That's exactly what a private operative is supposed to look like—so the person he's tailing won't notice him."

"Where did you get that—from Chandler, or Hammett?"

"You don't believe me, do you? You think I'm imagining the whole thing."

He shrugged, and crushed out his cigarette. "Aren't you going to ask me to tell you a story?"

She hesitated. "Does it have to be the same one? About the princess and her lover?"

"Don't you want to know how it ends? It isn't much longer," he said, looking at his watch. "I can finish it today."

She turned her face away from him, closing her eyes. "OK . . . OK, I guess."

"The following week, the princess turned the corner to the side street and looked up at the window where the young man usually sat watching for her. He wasn't there. She stopped on the sidewalk, waiting for his face to appear. Seeing motion out of the corner of her eye, she turned and saw a man coming out the door of the hotel. He seemed familiar, but before she could get a good look, he turned up his raincoat collar and walked quickly in the other direction.

"She looked up at the window again, but he still wasn't there. Suddenly alarmed, the princess ran into the hotel and up the stairs, not stopping until she reached room three-twenty-five. She paused to catch her breath, then knocked. When there was no answer, she knocked harder, nudging the door, which hadn't been completely closed, slightly ajar. This startled her, and she pushed the door slowly, following it into the room. Her lover lay on the floor below the window, staring fixedly at the ceiling, a red stain spreading slowly across the front of his pale-blue shirt. . . ."

"No! No! Stop! I knew something awful was going to happen,"

she said, beginning to weep hysterically. "Change it! Change the ending! You can't let it stay that way."

"What's the matter with you? It's only a story," he said, reaching toward her.

She jerked her arm away and began gathering up her clothes. "It can't be that way . . . it can't," she said. She began to button her blouse, found that she had put it on inside out and tore it off again.

"All right, all right, I'll change it. Next week . . . next week I'll tell you another ending. Now calm down. You can't go home in that state. Take a deep breath; wash your face. I'll fix everything next week."

• • •

The man was standing in the lobby of the hotel when she arrived, his face half hidden behind the newspaper. There he is again, she thought, as the desk clerk gave her the key. Why is he watching me? What does he want?

"Do you know that man?" she asked, leaning across the desk and whispering.

"Pardon?" asked the clerk.

"That man—over there—do you know him?"

"No, Ma'am, I'm sorry, I don't." The clerk gave her a strange look. "Is there a problem?"

"No, no . . . no problem."

She got onto the elevator, pushed Five, and when she looked up through the slowly closing doors, the man was gone. She walked quickly down the fifth-floor corridor, her footsteps soundless on the carpeted floor. When she got to the room, she reached out to put the key into the lock, and stopped abruptly. Instead, she placed her palm flat against the door and pushed, drawing her hand back quickly, as if it had been burned. Nothing happened; the door stayed closed.

She reached out again to put the key into the lock, then dropped it and ran, not stopping until the hotel was far behind her.

Economy: Thoreau at the Turn of the Millennium

BY THOMAS WESTON FELS

I began the millennium by pulling down from the shelf a copy of *Walden*. I'm not sure just why. I had any number of books started, and I remembered *Walden* as being rather difficult. I think it was a search for roots, wanting to be reminded in all the boisterous noise of a changing age what I believe and why I have done what I have done over the past few years.

It's hard to recall now, and many have since been born who didn't experience it at all, but the era in which I grew up was a curious mix. The 1950s were a sleepy, comfortable time. The war was over and children did not hear about Korea, a precursor to Vietnam. The economy was solid and there were plenty of jobs. We rode our bikes and played cowboys and Indians. Good and evil were clearly separated, whether at home or abroad. We looked to our parents for guidance and with our haircuts and neat clothes strove to conform.

On our own time, though, we were a little more adventurous, and from the mid- to late 1950s, new influences appeared. As music changed, we listened less to Perry Como and more to The Platters. Elvis Presley appeared, seeking to tame wilder forces in music by tailoring them to a popular audience, and then Chuck Berry, who didn't bother to tame them at all. News reached us of sit-ins in the South and the Beats in San Francisco and New York. Culture was changing around us, but we were still barely aware.

By the early 1960s, these forces were far more apparent and beginning to shape our lives in earnest. As if without warning, the civil rights movement appeared on our own doorstep, and with it, folk music. Soon we were wearing long hair and demonstrating for peace. By the late 1960s, it was clear that the freedom recommended by Dr. Spock, whose pediatric advice had been our parents' bible, had added a surprising new dimension to our lives.

The collision of cultures and generations during this period produced some unexpected changes—among them, by the late 1960s, a reaction among some participants to all the frenetic activity of the preceding several years. If you had helped take over your college, and then found it soon reverted to what it had been; if you had helped end the war, but realized that another was on the horizon; if you had rejected the comfort of the suburbs, but now wanted some of your own, you had to ask: Is this working? Am I being effective? Is this the best we can do?

For some, the answer was no. In the tradition of those ongoing changes, the generation that had experienced protest and an unpopular war began to search for something new. Thoreau had been in the vanguard of the movements toward civil liberties and a pure moral conscience, but now we saw other elements in him as well. In small groups, people began to build their own cabins and search out ponds and farms on which the positive aspects of life could be pursued. Communities appeared much resembling Brook Farm, the celebrated communal experiment of Thoreau's peers and friends. Suddenly, like our mentor, we were protesting by guiding and leading by example. If no good food was available, we would grow it. If oil was expensive, we would heat with wood. If sensitivity and concern appeared to be lacking, we would forge them ourselves among our friends.

The success of this self-created world affected many of the post-war, sixties generation. People who had once dabbled in painting or pottery became painters and potters for life. Musicians who had felt

the power of performing before audiences went on to make records and enlarge their public careers. Writers who had filled the columns of underground papers moved on to larger periodicals, books and film.

Along the path, though, there were many decisions to be made. The serious artist or scholar encountered sacrifice and occasional disappointment. For some, a more stable livelihood pushed avocations to the status of important but not central pursuits in their lives. For those who stayed directly with their beliefs, there was often violence, legal liability, jail. For those who chose the country over the city, there was the difficulty of remaining effective outside the mainstream. As a whole, however, this generation remained committed and did effect change. As the psychologist and visionary—and creative wordsmith—Timothy Leary said: Once a coin is bent, it will no longer fit into the machine.

• • •

This was the sort of alternative life I chose, and so at the turn of the millennium, I found myself refreshing my memory and looking to my roots for strength to move on into another era.

I was not disappointed by *Walden*. The first 50 pages of the chapter called "Economy" read as though I had written them myself. They were so familiar, despite the passage of time, that I found myself almost surprised to be in the company of so kindred a spirit.

But there was a great deal more than that. Looking over my reactions, I would put the resonances I felt into three categories. They reflect a philosophy adopted by a large portion of my generation; the personal outlook I have embraced myself; and an odd set of idiosyncratic eccentricities characteristic of Thoreau.

When I look at *Walden* as a member of the sixties generation, I see an emphasis on the personal and individual, a progressive attitude, humanitarianism and homage to the power of youth.

When I look at the book and Thoreau himself in light of my own choices, I see a familiar focus on the local and regional, a philosophical bent, a tendency to embrace the primitive, a clearly antimaterialistic attitude and a commitment, despite the consequences, to the alternative and unconventional.

The personal traits that seem a strong, if somewhat more difficult to place, part of Thoreau's legacy include an odd quirkiness along with the more recognized authorial inclinations toward observation, analysis and metaphor, and a willingness to embrace a transcendent vision extreme even for a transcendentalist.

While some, even most, of these attitudes and traits interrelate in some fashion, it is hard to discuss them without separating them out. Among all of them it is perhaps Thoreau's emphasis on the individual that has most become his hallmark. Though this is a tradition that in our time originates in Montaigne and Rousseau, and has been traced in cultural history as far back as Petrarch, one of the first to recognize nature, and Abelard, a pioneer of personal freedom, we still think of Thoreau as the man who moved to the woods to build himself a cabin, as if nothing like it had ever happened before. Still, the emphasis on the individualism of Thoreau is not misplaced. Like Whitman, he makes it a first principle, declaring in the opening pages of *Walden* that the book will be written in the first person. "I should not talk so much about myself," he says in a well-known remark, "if there were anybody else whom I knew as well."

Surely, though, in his far later day, Thoreau adds some significance to his personal actions not visible before on the public stage. His progressive beliefs, for example, include the self-motivation and inner direction we now expect of those following in his path. His commitment to doing things for their own sake reflects the individualism he prized. "A simple and independent mind," he said, in the midst of a long disquisition on the enslavement of man to his external desires, "does not toil at the bidding of any prince. Genius is not on retainer."

What he thought of the mind he applied to the body, and to the body politic, as well. As a humanitarian, he examined the ethical cost of labor and was critical of that new toy of society, the machine. In his social equation, loss of spirit was too high a price to pay for status and comfort, and he found that in their pursuit of gain, men had become, in his famous phrase, "tools of their tools." Aware of the disjunction between labor and the interests it served, he noted—assigning to labor a more appropriate measure of value—that it was the humble mason who created the ornate palace of the king.

All of these themes familiar to members of my generation are capped finally by Thoreau's strong advocacy of the power of youth. Like Rousseau and Wordsworth, he saw youth not as a disadvantaged state but as a period of freshness, clarity, insight and vision, and recognized the importance of a broad and early education. The sum of his views places Thoreau in the first years of the progressive tradition in America, and precursor to practical idealists like Ghandi and King in the world of

human rights, visionaries unafraid of new ideas. "Age is . . . hardly so well qualified for an instructor as youth," says Thoreau in the first pages of "Economy." "Practically, the old have no very important advice to give the young. . . . They are only less young than they were."

• • •

When I look at *Walden* in light of my own experience, the parallels extend even further. Thoreau's focus on the local, regional and rural, on his town, its land and its people, was certainly the role model for the back-to-the-land movement in which I took part. The veneration of farms and land, devotion to community and centering on tasks of the particular—gardening, building, craft—echo Thoreau's concerns and his intent to find the evidence of more general laws in specific acts, objects and locales.

Also more like my own voyage than that of some others of my time, Thoreau comes to this focus through the search for an appropriate milieu for the contemplative, philosophical and, in some ways, creative and artistic life he wants to lead. Simplicity is more than just an ideal for him; it provides the space in which he can perform the work he sees as his duties in life: contemplation, observation and analysis away from the distracting intrusions of the cultural world. He recognizes the incommunicable nature of much that he does. "There are more secrets in my trade than in most," he says, apologizing in the midst of one of his most abstract passages. Yet other thinkers, writers and artists recognize this need as well, and his approach has provided a paradigm for those who followed.

An extension of the simple life is Thoreau's appreciation of the primitive. Clearly, this is a legacy of Rousseau, and Romanticism, and the new recognition of unfamiliar cultures and folkways developing in the 19th century from the Brothers Grimm to Gauguin. The fresh perspective provided by exploration in the Pacific, Africa and the East, for example, offered a base from which to launch criticism of the needless complexities of life at home. As visitors and explorers, representatives of Western culture permitted themselves to freely interpret ways of life they were, in fact, unprepared to entirely understand. The result was a wave of idealization that finds its way quite clearly into *Walden*. Why pay to build an expensive farmhouse and cultivate grain, asks Thoreau, when you could live in a simple grass hut and enjoy nature in its original, uncultured state? Yet Thoreau was also influenced in a more complex

way by the new knowledge of the East. Like other transcendentalists, he was well educated, and the directness of Eastern philosophy appealed to him. While he was capable of saying in *Walden* that contemplation of his tablecloth offered him, at moments, the same amusement as the *Iliad*—a thought that would be congenial to a Buddhist but anathema to many of his academic contemporaries—he was, of course, familiar with the *Iliad* and what it represented. In offering this lesson, then, he suggests two things rather than one. First, that life may be more simple and that the primitive—everyday, unrefined objects—may offer a field of interest yet largely unexplored. But second, by implication, that the classics offer us much—as much as his tablecloth might offer him. Such convictions have long formed an important part of my own daily life, which might be characterized, as Thoreau did his own, as a frontier life in the midst of civilization.

With views like these, we are not surprised to find Thoreau a rabid antimaterialist. In the chapter "Economy," luxuries and comforts are perceived as hindrances and society's improvements are seen as illusory and even dangerous. Why risk a train wreck, he asks, when you could reach your destination by quietly walking? St. Petersburg, the glittering social and financial capital of prerevolutionary Russia, is portrayed as a mere emanation of a swamp that could at any time be wiped away by a flood of the nearby River Neva. No friend of furniture or the trade by which it proliferates, Thoreau suggests we periodically pile up our own, outdoors, and burn it in a merry *fete* borrowed from the community "busk" ceremony of the native American Indian. Again, like Thoreau, but without his severity, I have also found materialism to be unproductive, and a simple life to be a good foundation for independence and thought.

Finally, I find Thoreau's acceptance of his alternative views and style of living to be prophetic of many others', including my own. His commitment to his role is emblemized in his description of the "irresistible voice" that guides him along a path of nonconformity. To us, this postrevolutionary, Romantic outlook is hardly new, but while it is familiar to most on the creative side of human endeavor, the boost Thoreau has provided by bolstering the credibility of self-motivation has had a great impact on the flexibility with which we can approach the tasks of creative life. With *Walden* in hand, we are less surprised to find dwellers at the pond's edge or on the mountain slope, and many of the paths

that have opened in the larger social life of our culture owe their origins to the boldness inspired by this author and philosopher.

• • •

Eventually, we come to the qualities that seem to be those of Thoreau alone, the traits we see as his personal mark, irrespective of time, subject or point of view. He is, for example, famously quirky, contrary, even crotchety, and frequently adapts his perceptions and explanations to his own needs. Early in *Walden*, he declares himself unwilling to indulge in the overcivilized act of dusting his desk; as a result, he throws out the window the few amenities he has assembled. Later, he explains that he forgoes the use of yeast not as any matter of principle but because on the way home from the market, it tends to spill in his pocket. Certainly, this is a problem *Walden's* practical man of the woods could have solved. In a series of hardly tenable assertions, he declares that he could not teach, because he could not accept this role simply as a form of labor, and that philanthropy was unacceptable if it were not directed to those who merit it for their views as well as to those who are merely in financial need. Common sense would tell us that a teacher—especially Thoreau—would need to embrace such work for its own rewards and that it is the poor and not philosophers who most need our support. To understand Thoreau and his work, we need to grasp that he sees himself as an exception, set apart. After the careful accounting of his income and expenses that is a well-known aspect of *Walden*, Thoreau peremptorily declares that though he often eats out, this will not be figured into the equation of his life at the pond, a convenient oversight.

Despite his ability to bend the facts, Thoreau does know them far better than most. He is highly observant, almost preternaturally so. His observations are charming and varied. He notes, for example, that the comforters on our beds are simply the “nests and breasts of birds” recycled to warm our own. His observations on the humanistic significance of the parts of the house—door, window, cellar, garret—presage those of later philosophers, like Gaston Bachelard, who explored them more fully. His grasp of contemporary views, such as those of the innovative architect A. J. Downing, which he might have been expected to like, is likewise piercing, observing that they are more truly style than the substance they purport to represent. Some of his observations are startlingly modern in scope and perception. He is an early observer that in the great improvements occurring in communication, ease of

exchange soon exceeded growth or depth of content, and that increased facility of travel would eventually lead to a leveling of culture. Prophetically, as we look at today's world of malls and McDonald's, "grading the whole surface of the planet" is what he called it, a remarkably apt phrase for one who never saw an airport or a parking lot.

Thoreau can also be carefully analytical. He balances his approach to food, shelter, clothing and fuel with scientific precision, and analyzes life naked and clothed with the growing tools of the nascent science of anthropology. His theories of education are remarkably well conceived, approaching the lines of progressivism at its peak in the early 20th century. At the same time, he manages to embrace a metaphorical view that is crucial to both his vision and his style. Combining observation and interpretation, he points out that roots enable us to reach up, and that manufactured ornament (one of his great antipathies) is frequently hollow. If men built their own houses, he suggests, as birds build their nests, maybe they would sing, too. He has a reductivist tendency, speaking of houses, for example, as boxes. His inclination to turn observation and knowledge into aphorism resembles that of his most prominent American forebear in this arena, Benjamin Franklin.

Through all of this shines, of course, the quality that most defines Thoreau: the vision and clarity without which we would probably not read him at all. In speaking of his own motives, he declares that he works not for himself but for all humanity. In recounting a bit of Eastern wisdom, he reveals his ability to judge character and its possibility for growth. "Startling and informing" things could be learned, he says early on in *Walden*, if we could only see through each other's eyes. Such bold expressions are the work of a visionary and idealist. That they should be rooted in the practicality Thoreau took as his approach has provided a model for a century and a half. It's a useful model with which to face the future, as well as to understand the past.

• • •

It was these many qualities, I think, that drew me back to Thoreau. In addition, they recalled for me the role he had played for others of my generation, especially my old friend Raymond Mungo, a founder and guiding spirit of the communal farms on which we both once lived. Mungo was a Boston radical from a working-class background. Like other litterateurs from the factory towns of Lawrence and Lowell, Massachusetts, among them Jack Kerouac and, more recently, the

Theroux family, Mungo shared Thoreau's combination of social awareness, literary values and the penetrating, eponymous frankness of the French. In Mungo's capable hands, Thoreau offered guidance through which he worked to consciously redirect the values and energies of a displaced generation. Prizing the individual, he headed away from the partisan confusion of the day to what then seemed the calm far reaches of New England, a farm in Vermont, that was simply a larger version of Thoreau's cabin in the woods. Treasuring independence, those of us who joined him were all soon building and gardening to sustain our own lives. Respecting progressive social politics, we believed, guided by Mungo, that our actions would make a difference. As energetic youth in the era of the sixties, we were also aware that, like Thoreau, we might make our case to the public at a distance through the expanded, influential and newly accessible media of the day.

Though Raymond stayed at the farms only a few years, his influence, and thus that of his mentor Thoreau, was considerable. He was, for one thing, an inveterate talker, and we were treated regularly to lectures and anecdotes that originated in his consideration of Thoreau. He was also a prolific author. During his time at the farm, Mungo, then only in his early 20s, produced several books, two of which, *Famous Long Ago* and *Total Loss Farm*, are direct descendants of the philosopher from Concord. The latter begins with a chapter recounting an adventure of Raymond's on assignment for *The Atlantic Monthly*: "Another Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," inspired by Thoreau's description of a similar voyage, published in 1849. Indeed, when I later looked back as I read Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*, published only two years before *Walden*, I realized how close were the experiences of Brook Farm, Walden Pond and the back-to-the-land farms of the 1960s. Some of the scenes, sentiments and even characters in *The Blithedale Romance*—charismatic leaders, mesmerized followers, spiritualists, ideologues—could be recognized, more than 100 years later, almost word for word.

As aspiring arbiters of social attitudes, rather than participants in the direct action of politics, we were also heirs to the belief that to live in simplicity outside the direct rule of society was to play an honorable role. Like Thoreau, we contented ourselves with life on the periphery, and the purity of our pursuits was ample reward for the privileges we left behind. We had barns, dirt roads and woods. "I was

once offered a good salary as an editor in New York," Raymond later told me. But what he would have had to give up to achieve the comfort of middle-class wealth meant more to him than the money that would have replaced it. "I turned the fellow down," he said flatly.

In an age in which friends of Raymond burned dollar bills and showered free money down onto the stock exchange, antimaterialism was a viable way of life. We compensated instead by enjoying our individualism and freedom, and this continues up to the present, from the Sergeant Pepper jackets and peace symbols of the sixties to the unruly rap music of today. But behind those obvious signs, we should see more. If Thoreau and Mungo were encouraging us to be quirky and to bend the facts, they were also seriously observant and analytical, and motivated by a vision and clarity rare in any era. While much that occurred in that time was colorful and amusing, its higher purpose provided it with a value that will certainly endure.

• • •

One important thing Raymond, Henry and I all have in common is our house. In naming his opening chapter "Economy," Thoreau was certainly encouraging reference to the frugality he expounded and to the holistic approach implied when we think about systems—economies and societies, for example—and how they work. But he was also surely aware, as we can tell from his focus in *Walden*, that the root of the word economy is *oikos*, the Greek word for house. The classic model for an economy—a complete functioning system, a sphere in which mutual effort is devoted to meaningful purpose—from ancient times to our own, is the house. If your house is in order, as the expression goes, all is well. By showing us his own house in detail, and suggesting in strong terms how a house might best be run, Thoreau, and later Mungo, offers us advice central to our life and that of the surrounding community—an aggregation of houses. In this way, he joins Confucius and other sages unafraid to confront basic issues, who see the grander aspects of life as being based on the quotidian, routine and habitual. How you live is who you are. In addressing this through the primary vehicle of our life, the house, Thoreau was clearly attempting to get us where we live.

Where I live, of course, expresses something about myself and my relation to Thoreau and others I admire, or from whom I have learned. Like many, I found parental homes both comforting and at the same time lacking in some of the necessities and accoutrements of the life of

a new generation. In the area of New York and its suburbs where I lived until I was 11, and even later, when my parents moved our family to Vermont, the feeling of the postwar years was comfort and ease. Nothing opulent, simply a deep breath after an era of depression and war.

Yet ease can be stifling. As soon as I was done with college, I set out to achieve a style of living from which I have never departed. Fleeing the security of comfortable homes and apartments, I maintained a series of houses that cost little but provided me with the essentials I needed: order and space—the environment I favored to pursue my work. Surprisingly, as we see in *Walden*, these need not be expensive. In Boston's perennially undeveloped South End, I found apartments that were palatial by today's standards, lacking only amenities such as water, plumbing, safety and heat. As with Henry, friends asked me if I were not rather misguided to live in that way. My answer was, as Henry might have said himself, wasn't it odd for them to have all the amenities—television, stereo, expensive furniture—but none of the true comforts: a studio, a wonderful porch, a study of their own?

Over the years, in Gloucester, New York, Nova Scotia and finally returning to Vermont, I had all of those things. But like Henry, I had to adapt. A sweeping marble patio is not necessary to enjoy the view; a little patch of lawn will suffice. A giant desk achieved through a concatenation of panels and doors with boxes and a stray stepladder for support is still a great work space, if a little awkward by contemporary standards of decoration. Nothing can replace floor-to-ceiling windows, despite the deteriorating condition of their woodwork.

Of all my homes, those at the farm where I knew Raymond perhaps best met the high standards of the hermit of *Walden*. Rooms in the big farmhouse, in an old garage, in a hayloft and finally in a cabin I built myself were all, in substance, little different from my other attempts at a hermetic life. What was different was their association with a group of people, the others at the farm, that made it a commune of the classic sort. For, while Thoreau's style at *Walden* is what is most remembered, the simplicity was meant, as it was at the farm, to be a guiding light, an example to others of how they might live.

Oddly, this effort of mine to live the life of our moral founder in just the sort of context of which he would supposedly have approved—a complete, functioning, self-sufficient community or "economy"—was not highly thought of. Among those who figured themselves latter-day

Thoreaus, the stringency of his mission was threatening in a time of narcissism and plenty. From this experience I learned the important lesson that principles I might consider fundamental may often be seen to be in competition with those held equally vehemently by others. I noted with a new sense of its relevance that Thoreau was, after all, at Walden and not at Brook Farm.

From that point on, I adapted my living situations to a larger world where there was more room for tolerance. I moved back to a traditional civic community in which I was known, feeling that I could be more effective there than I had been in the rarefied world of open dissent. My house—there have been several of them in this town, where I have been now for well over 40 years—remains a refuge of order and space. Externally, though, and even in some of its internal features, it is far more accommodating to its neighbors and its milieu. It remains the bare bones of a solid home, financially tenuous and difficult to maintain, but by protecting the fullness of my life and that of my family and friends, and also accommodating itself to its surroundings, my house reflects who I am, making it a good example of Thoreau's admonition that our home function both as a bulwark for our individuality and beliefs and as an educational tool for their promulgation.

These lessons are among the reasons we might read Thoreau today. In a world disrupted by ideological conflict and strife, and a society still strongly based on materialism, it seems more relevant than ever to defend humanistic values and support a pluralistic view. As the planet shrinks, the option to get along becomes increasingly the necessity to do so, and curiosity about other cultures and ways of life no longer a pastime but an essential tool. Despite his cranky habits, Thoreau was a visionary on these fronts. Like other visionaries—Lincoln, Gandhi, King—he directed his intolerance at intolerance itself, at encouraging freedom, at uniting the house divided. Today, the lessons of Thoreau are more important than ever. After noting these thoughts, I closed the book, satisfied that my impulses to take it down had been justified, and returned it to its place, where I could find it if needed, on a shelf in the study, in my house.

Review Essay

The Lure of Italy: Nathaniel Hawthorne and *The Marble Faun*

BY TONY GENGARELLY

Based on Lea Bertani Vozar Newman, "Hawthorne's Summer in Florence: Reliving a Honeymoon, the Dante Connection, and the Nascent *Marble Faun*"

Every summer thousands of people from abroad pour into Italy's major art and cultural centers; spill out over the countryside flooding vineyards and olive groves, seeping into villas and restored farmhouses. Italy has become one of the premier tourist attractions on the globe. This love of the Italian peninsula is not a recent phenomenon, however. Following the Renaissance, Italy became an essential stop on the Grand Tour undertaken by sons of the wealthy to finish their education. Visual and literary artists also visited Italy to complete their classical and artistic training or simply to find inspiration from its beautiful countryside and ancient ruins. By the middle of the 19th century, the advent of faster boat travel brought even more people to join the swelling numbers. Americans were among this fast-growing itinerant population that included Nathaniel Hawthorne, his wife, Sophia, and family, who settled in Florence during the summer of 1858. In her provocative essay "Hawthorne's Summer in Florence,"

Lea Newman deftly recounts how one American literary artist drew inspiration from his local surroundings: the city's history, art and culture; the countryside and its bucolic traditions; his fellow artists abroad and the indigenous population.

The major literary accomplishment from this sojourn in Italy, which also included a lengthy stay in Rome, was Hawthorne's novel *The Marble Faun*. In this Italian "romance," Hawthorne's descriptive powers are markedly displayed as he carefully details the environs of Rome's Pincian gardens, Piazza del Popolo, the old Forum and Colosseum, the Pantheon, the interior of St. Peter's Basilica and the Umbrian and Tuscan countryside. In fact, the descriptions are so vividly presented that a special edition of *The Marble Faun*, illustrated with pictures of the places mentioned in the novel, was published in 1860 to help stimulate the English and American tourist trade (Stebbins 442-43). Along with this topographical accuracy and an interesting plot, Hawthorne's Italian story carries a strong message about the human condition. The author's tale involves a journey from innocence to consciousness, and the illusions and hard realities faced by his characters are remarkably prescient given the nature of our historical moment. Although the novel is focused on Rome, Newman, in her carefully researched essay, convincingly suggests that the seeds for this literary effort were sewn in Florence during the summer of 1858. One of the novel's main characters, the "faun" Donatello, is derived from a number of influences clearly rooted in Hawthorne's time in and around the "City of Art."

In the opening paragraphs, Hawthorne introduces Donatello as an unsophisticated spirit of nature. His ancestral home in the Tuscan countryside, Monte Beni, has for generations housed a family in direct communion with nature; he is a living embodiment of the pastoral ideal. Donatello, the last count of Monte Beni, has come to Rome and met up with a group of artists, two Americans and one of mysterious origins, who find a remarkable resemblance between him and the marble faun of Praxiteles at the Capitoline Museum. Indeed, it is thought that Donatello even has the faun's pointed ears hidden beneath his myriad black curls. This coincidental connection is adept on another level, too. Although the group admires Donatello's physical beauty and lively spirit, he is considered, like the Faun, to be a creature of woods and fields, half man and half animal, not a fully developed human being. He is viewed as "a pet dog," an "underwitted"

person trapped in "happy ignorance" (Hawthorne 14–19). As the story unfolds, Donatello murders a strange and frightening specter—in reality a Capuchin monk—who has been persecuting his beloved Miriam, the painter of mysterious origins. His crime or fall from innocence into consciousness (the "fortunate fall"¹) is the beginning of Donatello's moral, hence human, development that unfolds as the story winds to its tragic climax.

Using Hawthorne's notebooks and letters, along with those of Sophia, Newman identifies a number of Florence-based instances that helped the author formulate Donatello's character, his background and family tradition. First we learn of the author's discovery of the 15th-century statue of *David* by the Renaissance sculptor Donatello. Much taken with this famous piece of art, the first statue in the nude since the classical period, Hawthorne derives both the name and the essential characteristics of his novel's main protagonist from this encounter. For the Donatello of *The Marble Faun* not only is named after the famous sculptor, he also has the beauty and boyish features of the bronze *David*, as well as the latent capacity to act dramatically and kill a Goliathlike specter haunting his adored Miriam (Newman 65).

The Hawthornes' affection for Dante, which predated their stay in Italy, is revived in Florence, where reminders of this literary giant are found on 34 plaques located throughout the city. As Newman meticulously records, Hawthorne used a number of Dante-inspired features in his "gothic" novel. For instance, Dante's images of hell and heaven help punctuate the fall from innocence and subsequent struggle for redemption experienced by Donatello: The image of two tormented souls condemned to witness each other's crimes for eternity, recounted in the *Inferno*, describes the fate of Donatello and his lover/soulmate, the beautiful Miriam, for whom he committed murder; Dante's description of the ascension from the inferno into Paradise is interestingly paralleled in *The Marble Faun* with Hawthorne's account of a climb up the dark stairway of the Monte Beni tower, through rooms

¹ In his book *The American Adam*, R. W. B. Lewis employs this phrase, which refers to the fall from "innocence into consciousness" in the *Genesis* myth, to discuss American Romantic literature's interpretation of the American experience. His term "the fortunate fall" is especially applicable to Hawthorne's work and, in particular, to *The Marble Faun* (Lewis 117–26; Hawthorne 329).

that formerly held prisoners of note (including the monk Savonarola), to the "pure air and light of Heaven" above (Newman 68). In fact, this climb from perdition toward the "light of Heaven" is a dominant motif for several of the novel's characters, all of whom are in some way tainted by Donatello's crime.

Then, Newman recounts that the Hawthornes left Florence during August and September to take up residence at the Villa Montauto on Bellosguardo hill a few miles outside the city. She brings telling evidence to her explanation of how the author transferred his time at the Villa Montauto into the novel that was beginning to take shape in his mind. Here, in this place with its lofty tower and machicolated battlements, Hawthorne is inspired to weave the context for Donatello's ancestral home and family. The physical appearance and bucolic location of the villa are transported into the novel as the Estate of Donatello, the Count of Monte Beni. The son of Count Montauto, who rented the villa to the Hawthornes, also suggested physical parallels to the novel's Donatello (including his pointed ears). Even the author's ritualistic farewell to this beautiful place, recorded in *The French and Italian Notebooks*, is followed by one of the *Faun's* characters, the American sculptor Kenyon, as he prepares his departure from the fictional Monte Beni (Newman 65–68).

Then and now, Florence offers ample opportunity to explore the art of sculpture that figures so prominently in *The Marble Faun*. As their letters and notebooks attest, the Hawthornes familiarized themselves with a variety of Italian sculpture during their stay. In addition, Newman relates that their residence lay just across the street from the studio of the American sculptor Hiram Powers (Newman 54). Powers, as well as other American sculptors Hawthorne had occasion to meet in Italy (including William Wetmore Story, whose famous statue of Cleopatra is featured in *The Marble Faun*), were an elite group, much admired by English and American tourists who patronized their work (Stebbins 87). Hawthorne evidently learned a good deal from these artists about the life of the American sculptor abroad.

In fact, Powers and Story serve as the prototype for Hawthorne's fictional sculptor Kenyon, whose studio in Rome displays some of the more recognizable works of art done by Americans. In his preface to the 1859 edition of *The Marble Faun*, Hawthorne confesses to this liberal borrowing in order to provide his character with an appropri-

ate backdrop: "The author laid felonious hands upon a certain bust of Milton, and a statue of a pearl-diver, which he found in the studio of Mr. Paul Akers, and secretly conveyed them to the premises of his imaginary friend, in the Via Frezza. Not content even with these spoils, he committed a further robbery upon a magnificent statue of Cleopatra, the production of Mr. William W. Story" (vii). The connection is evidenced as well through Hawthorne's understanding, derived from Powers and others, of the sculptor's craft; at one point in the novel, his fictional artist relates how convenient it is to be in Italy, where skilled craftsmen can be hired to carve marble statues based on the American sculptor's clay models: "In Italy, there is a class of men whose merely mechanical skill is perhaps more exquisite than was possessed by the ancient artificers who wrought out the designs of Praxiteles" (89). Kenyon, like actual 19th-century sculptors, is involved in producing neoclassical figures in the guise of Indian or Egyptian princesses. And, like them, he risks being dated and irrelevant. Upon viewing Kenyon's studio, his artist friend Miriam comments: "Except for portrait busts, sculpture has no longer a right to claim any place among living arts. . . . A person familiar with the Vatican, the Uffizi Gallery, the Naples Gallery, and the Louvre will at once refer any modern production to its antique prototype; which, moreover, had begun to get out of fashion, even in old Roman days." (95). From his time in Florence, as well as Rome, Hawthorne certainly knew his contemporary sculpture and sculptors. Modeling this rich material, he created his own version of the American sculptor in Italy.

Newman also recounts that Nathaniel and Sophia were very moved by the Medici Chapel in the church of St. Lorenzo in Florence. The chapel itself and the principal sculptural groups therein were designed and carved by Michelangelo in the 16th century. The statue of the young Lorenzo de Medici especially impressed them, and Hawthorne remarks in his journal about its lifelike appearance (Newman 54-55). The evidence is most likely not available to take this encounter further, but one cannot help but speculate that this Medici sculpture and others by Michelangelo might well have had a profound influence on Hawthorne's rendering of certain moments in *The Marble Faun*. For this brooding form of the Medici prince, which looks forward to Rodin's *Thinker*, is redolent of Michelangelo's Neoplatonic vision that appears and reappears at various times in his art. The Neoplatonic idea that

mankind's transcendent spirit is imprisoned by earthbound forms is contemplated as Lorenzo sits above the inert figures of *Dusk* and *Dawn* that recline on the volutes of the pediment below him, their bodies weighed down and their souls trapped in an endless cycle of earthly existence (Panofsky 178–83). To expand a bit further, it seems that Hawthorne carries this Neoplatonic perception into *The Marble Faun* when, toward the end of the story, he recounts an incident in Kenyon's studio. The American sculptor uncovers a half-finished portrait bust of his friend Donatello, who, since his "fall" from innocence into consciousness, has begun to evolve into a man of human awareness, rising out of what was once a beastlike Faun. The incomplete sculpture reveals something that startles Kenyon and his artist companion Hilda:

"What do you take it to be?" asked the sculptor.

"I hardly know how to define it," she answered. "But it has an effect as if I could see this countenance gradually brightening while I look at it. It gives the impression of a growing intellectual power and moral sense. Donatello's face used to evince little more than a genial, pleasurable sort of vivacity, and capability of enjoyment. But, here, a soul is being breathed into him; it is the Faun, but advancing towards a state of higher development." (274)

In a manner similar to Michelangelo's unfinished slaves, originally intended for the tomb of Pope Julius II and most likely on display in Florence during Hawthorne's sojourn there, Hawthorne's fictional sculptor has created an incomplete form in which the soul is struggling to free itself from matter (Fleming 296–97). Indeed, Hawthorne may well have had Michelangelo's figures, these and others, in mind when he wrote this section of the novel. The author leaves a faint trail for us to consider by concluding: "And, accordingly, Donatello's bust (like that rude, rough mass of the head of Brutus, by Michael Angelo, at Florence) has ever since remained in an unfinished state" (274).

Hawthorne's stay in Florence was, in many ways, the realization of a dream. As Newman relates, "Nathaniel and Sophia's love letters reveal that their Italian fantasy dates back to before their marriage" (55). Once achieved, the time in Florence became for the Hawthornes a second honeymoon and for Nathaniel an Arcadian moment that he translated into his Italian "romance." The dreary winter the Hawthornes

spent in Rome, however, contrasts sharply with their halcyon summer in Florence. The bitter cold especially affected Nathaniel, who left sight-seeing to Sophia, while he "stayed home in front of the fireplace 'with his feet thrust into the coals, and an open volume of Thackeray upon his knees'" (Newman 57). At one point, Newman recounts, he wrote in his notebook: "I shall never be able to express how I dislike the place and how wretched I have been in it" (56). Hawthorne's personal preference continues in *The Marble Faun*, where he sets Florence and especially its bucolic surroundings over against the older, decaying spectacle of Rome. The Eternal City becomes a squalid replica of a more glorious past overlaid by centuries of Catholicism (85). Hawthorne seldom mentions the Baroque grandeur of the city. When he does at one point take the reader into St. Peter's Basilica, he fails to mention any of Bernini's sculpture (which we learn elsewhere in the book is not too highly regarded) and his alter ego Kenyon comments that the grand structure would be vastly improved if it contained "painted windows" (263). Clearly, Hawthorne's experience with the two cities, underlined by comments in his *Notebooks* and the *Faun*, unmask a traveler whose personal encounters may well have determined how he interpreted what he saw.²

Regardless of personal preference, Hawthorne uses the halcyon landscape of Tuscany as a backdrop to the primal innocence of his

² Hawthorne's conditioned outlook is more than understandable when one realizes how personal experience can condition viewpoint. For instance, having visited Florence twice during January (in 1983 and 1990), unencumbered by crowds or pressured by time, I was very disappointed by my last visit there one Saturday in late March 2000, which did not at all meet prior expectations and left me with a sense that the city had changed dramatically during the intervening years.

Driving in from the Chianti countryside, where my wife and I had been renting a restored farmhouse near Radda, we approached Florence anticipating a leisurely time of sight-seeing and some private moments with great works of art. Encountering more traffic than we had experienced on previous visits, we found ourselves pressed for time, and, after struggling to find a parking space near the Porta Romana, we raced to the Bargello before the noon closing time, only to find that the museum was closed to the public on the third Saturday of every month (not mentioned in any of the guidebooks).

Disappointed, we wandered through the city during the siesta hours. The beautiful weekend had brought crowds into the city who jammed the streets—thronged of people who all seemed to be consuming gelato cones, teenagers on their way to the Piazza della Signoria, where a massive concert platform with steel girders imposingly stood

main protagonist Donatello, whose life at Monte Beni embodies the pastoral ideal so often presented in the bucolic landscapes of American painters during the 19th century. Hawthorne's description of the view from Monte Beni tower almost describes a scene from a Hudson River School painting: "The Umbrian valley that suddenly opened before him, set in its grand framework of nearer and more distant hills. . . . There was the broad, sunny smile of God . . . and beneath it, glowed a most rich and varied fertility" (188).

After his crime of passion, Donatello retreats from "corrupt Rome" to this ancestral home in the Apennines. However, burdened by his act of murder, he is no longer able to connect with the natural world or even to appreciate its beauty. So he returns to Rome to accept responsibility for his deed, to complete the evolution of his soul. Ironically, it is Rome that holds the key to human development in the novel. The

before the Palazzo Vecchio and the Loggia. Before long, we heard blasts of rock music that reverberated up and down every street in the venerable city. Upon inquiry, we were told that an "Internet concert" was in progress. We sat disconsolately in the Uffizi loggia, munching on our bag lunches, while lines of people—yes, lines in March!—spilled out of the museum awaiting the three-o'clock hour to enter.

Finally, we sought refuge across the Arno in Santa Maria del Carmine, where I eagerly anticipated the sight of recently cleaned frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel. Years before, I had been awed by the extraordinary cycle of Saint Peter (done by Masolino, Masaccio and Filippino Lippi), and now I would be seeing it in its original glory. The chapel was a bit crowded, but not enough to interfere with our communion with these vibrant frescoes. Transfixed with the landscape background in one of Masaccio's contributions, I failed to notice that the chapel was becoming very crowded. Then I heard a dull murmur and turned to catch full blast the first of several diatribes coming from a very enthusiastic guide and delivered to a group of pilgrims standing in rapt attention. And so it went before every fresco in the chapel. We did not stay through it all, winding our way in tense silence out of the church and into the cloister beyond. We sat for a few moments wondering, given the circumstances, whether the mile-and-a-half walk from the center of the city had really been worth it.

So it went for us on a Saturday in March in Florence. Obviously, we had not been prepared for what we encountered. Instead of accepting the situation and seizing the opportunity to enjoy the city and its people, we reacted negatively, persisted in trying to recapture the meditative feeling of our previous visits. Experience does, indeed, condition perception; anticipation helps mold response, whether it is Nathaniel Hawthorne allowing the winter weather to limit his stay in Rome or some shell-shocked travelers of lesser note retreating in disappointment from a modern city's hustle and bustle several generations later.

idyllic landscape of Tuscany is an illusion of peace and innocence. The journey to Rome, then, becomes another example of the necessary transition from innocence to consciousness. As Hawthorne relates:

When we have once known Rome, and left her where she lies, like a long-decaying corpse . . . left her, crushed down in spirit with the desolation of her ruin, and the hopelessness of her future—left her, in short, hating her with all our might, and adding our individual curse to the infinite anathema which her old crimes have unmistakably brought down—when we have left Rome in such mood as this, we are astonished by the discovery, by and by, that our heartstrings have mysteriously attached themselves to the Eternal City, and are drawing us thitherward again, as if it were more familiar, more intimately our home, than even the spot where we were born. (235–36)

Interestingly, the American painter Hilda, another symbol of innocence in the novel, never left Rome to seek the consolations of the countryside. A witness to Donatello's murderous act, she is crushed with despair. Yet, after her loss of innocence, her discovery of evil in the world, Hilda realizes that she is in possession of a new awareness; she can bring a clear gaze to the work of the venerated Italian masters—which she heretofore slavishly copied—and begin to separate mere artifice from genuine human expression. No longer able to ride the romantic passion of aesthetic encounter, she has gained in artistic insight: "She saw beauty less vividly, but felt truth, or the lack of it, more profoundly" (Hawthorne 244). She had remained in Rome, where her human destiny needed to unfold.

Thus, it would seem, Hawthorne's romance with Florence and surroundings was only a prelude to this profound encounter with the more uncomfortable and less appealing city of Rome. As Newman recounts so well, he most likely needed the distance and stimulation of Florence to begin the dialectic between innocence and consciousness that works its way through *The Marble Faun*. I am indebted to her meticulous and accurate craftsmanship that has allowed me to carry further some of the insights she has brought to bear on this timeless subject.

As Americans move beyond their bucolic age of innocence and gradually shed the myth of an Edenic paradise supported by technology,

economic and military power, the insights that a "dark Romantic" writer generated from his Italian interlude during the summer of 1858 seem more and more relevant and imperative. Only recently, we have learned anew that accuracy of perception and a sense of responsibility for one's actions—often born of dissolution and despair—are essential ingredients for the creation of a safer and better world.

Works Cited

Fleming, William. *Arts and Ideas*, ninth edition. Fort Worth: Harcourt Brace, 1995.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel. *The French and Italian Notebooks*. Ed. Thomas Woodson. Columbus: Ohio State UP, 1980.

———. *The Marble Faun*. New York: New American Library, 1961.

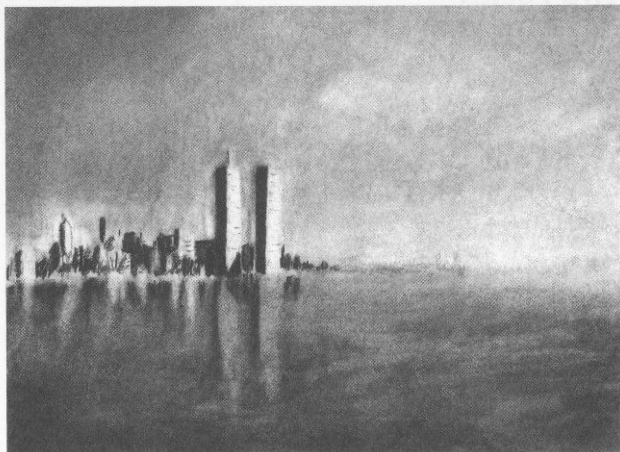
Lewis, R. W. B. *The American Adam: Innocence, Tragedy, and Tradition in the Nineteenth Century*. Chicago: U of C Press, 1955.

Newman, Lea Bertani Vozar. "Hawthorne's Summer in Florence: Reliving a Honeymoon, the Dante Connection, and the Nascent *Marble Faun*." *The Poetics of Place: Florence Imagined*. Ed. Irene Marchegiani Jones and Thomas Haeussler. Florence, Italy: Olschki, 2001.

Panofsky, Erwin. *Studies in Iconology: Humanistic Themes in the Art of the Renaissance*. New York: Oxford UP, 1939.

Stebbins, Theodore E., Jr. *The Lure of Italy: American Artists and the Italian Experience, 1760–1914*. Boston: Museum of Fine Arts, 1992.

John Fragassi, Untitled Drawings



Charcoal on paper, 11" x 14"



Charcoal on paper, 11" x 14"

Two Poems

BY ANNA M. WARROCK

The One Who's Writing This

I don't know who's writing this, him or me.

Jorge Luis Borges

I know who you are, you're the one
standing screaming at the window
of this sentence, demanding to be let
into this poem. You grab the pen,
bend the inflection, wring the pitch
of the pauses. Silence was captivity, abuse—
now you won't be still. You spit out
the alphabet like orders A B C J O L E S U M.
Grabbing the table, securing my papers,
I try to distract you: Did I ask you to interfere?
You hurl it back: Who asked you?
You begin to chant, drowning out objects,
designs, purposes. The black and white
floor tiles look like gamblers' chits,
then shatter into mosaics that spell out
my first name and dissolve, as the curtains
age in minutes, become threadbare, shred
right off the rods. Keep it plain, let go, you
shout, until I surrender everything,
my dentist appointment, the calendar, electricity,
until I'm forced onto the road where no one and
nothing harkens to my deliberate identity.
You've won. Here. This is yours.

A Brief History of Time

You wonder what you will
say and then the words
come as water, flow

over an object,
shape a feeling, define,
darken and cover over.

You wonder, having spoken, if
all the words voiced in the world
fill your ears with the roaring

you hear in your heartbeat,
from birth a pulse
seeking understanding.

You have seen the earth
suspended in a universe so large,
light illuminates only the spheres,

not the dark of space around them.
You understand why the heart
weakens like any muscle and dies.

It is possible that all those
radio antennae pointed outward
to find some other language

reach into a mirror
and the static is our own words
coming back to us.

Round and blue, a planet
hangs before your gaze, the earth
gauzed in airwaves.

You wonder
what you will say and then
your ears begin to hear
it.

By Touch and Sight

BY BEN JACQUES

My wife's grandfather worked by touch and sight,
Knowing each kind of wood by hue and grain.
He measured close so all would come out right.

To mark each piece, each board's width and height,
He used a fold-up, basswood rule, took pains
To saw, join and sand by touch and sight.

His tools survive: hand drills that curl and bite
Into the wood—chisels, squares and planes
That seem today to fit my hands just right.

So do his gifts: tables, dressers, joints still tight,
A pine doll cradle with a cherry stain,
A great-granddaughter's now by touch and sight.

In the Spanish-American War he missed the fight,
Got dysentery and couldn't avenge the Maine.
But things have a way of turning out all right.

We keep his lieutenant's sword, the blade still bright,
But use the fold-up rule again and again,
Reminding us to learn by touch and sight,
Measuring close so all will come out right.

There Is No Turning Back

BY JACK HANDLER

We beat with our mallets of time and hope
Hard inside the iron-ribbed and rust-encrusted
Flanks of this barnacled thing of a ship
That fights its way inexorably,
Eternally, across a depthless sea.
Nor is there turning back, nor harbor.
And the charts were charted before our time;
And there has been no anchor since Eden.

Book Review

Art and War in Classical Greece and Rome

Classical Art and the Cultures of Greece and Rome

by John Onians

Yale University Press, 1999

BY MEERA TAMAYA

Oversized, but not as hefty and unwieldy as many coffee-table books, John Onians' *Classical Art and the Cultures of Greece and Rome* attempts, very successfully, an exceptionally complex task: that of situating the art and architecture of classical Greece and Rome within the context of their cultures. Onians, who teaches at the University of East Anglia's Department of World Art, received his training at the Courtauld and Warburg institutes of art. His sociological/psychological approach to art history owes much to the influence of Jacob Burckhardt, E. H. Gombrich and Michael Baxandall. Berkshire County readers may be interested to learn that John Onians was also a Visiting Fellow at the Clark Art Institute from 1997 to 1999.

Written in limpid prose, blessedly devoid of theoretical jargon, Onians' approach is nonetheless brilliantly theoretical, original and speculative. Even when some of his speculations strain the bounds of credibility, he argues so persuasively, with such command over the broad picture as well as the minute details from a wide variety of cultural texts—history, philosophy, metaphysics—that it becomes a pleasure to be persuaded even against one's reflexive skepticism.

In the first section, Onians places classical Greek art and architecture within the context of war—a central preoccupation and occupation of the Greeks. Whether they were raiding neighboring states for natural resources, fending off invading Persians or engaged in the long-drawn-out Peloponnesian Wars, preparation for war, the training of foot soldiers, or hoplites, was constant and unrelenting. According to Onians, the shoulder-to-shoulder rectangular fighting unit, the phalanx, was deeply informed by mathematics and, in turn, influenced the architecture of the Parthenon. The pervasive spirit of combat, or *agon*, translated itself into the intense competitiveness that shaped every aspect of civic life: the production of art, artifacts, architecture, athletics and, of course, the famous annual festival of Dionysus during which a daylong competition ended with the awarding of prizes for the best playwrights.

Unlike Babylonian creation myths, Greek stories of the origins of the universe did not posit a creator; rather, the creation was likened to an artifact, a bringing together and reshaping of matter for utilitarian purposes. The large and respected artisan class—for example, the makers of pots—strove to excel one another, not in terms of originality but in terms of improving on one another's work. The aim was to imitate nature, an aim evident in the startlingly lifelike but idealized statues of male nudes that served as models for young men as they underwent rigorous training for war and athletics in the various gymnasias.

From this broad sociological perspective, Onians moves to the specifics of geology, etymology and metaphor. The rugged Greek terrain was rich in marble waiting to be quarried and the Greeks thought of human bones as stonelike. Onians cites the myths of Deucalion and Pyrrha, who survived a devastating flood and were commanded to create a new race by throwing over their shoulders the "bones of their Mother," by which they meant the stones of Mother Earth:

One of these stones was said to have turned into Hellen, father of Dorus, Xuthus, and Aeolus the founders of Greek tribes, Dorians, Ionians and Aeolians making all Greeks its progeny. The most obvious starting point for this myth, as of others, is false etymology. The chance similarity between the Greek word *laos*, 'people', and *laos*, one of their words for 'stone', led to an assimilation that is implicit in the *Iliad* (xxiv,

611) and explicit in Pindar (*Olympians*, 9, 45 and 46). This correspondence between the words gave the myth its overt rationale, but its compelling authority derives from the dominant role of stone in the Greek experience. (1)

It is this kind of fluid movement from the broadly speculative to the concrete specifics that makes the book a joy to read.

In his section on Roman art, Onians argues against the traditional view that Roman art marks a decline from its origins in Greek art. He makes a strong case that the different roles played by art and education in Greek and Roman cultures account for the differences in their art. For the Greeks, art and education were "moulding machines" that prepared the young for military service. While Greeks relied on training the young, the Romans depended on punishing and disciplining adults. For the latter, art served an ornamental, decorative function, as an aid to mnemonics. Onians draws parallels between the rules for rhetoric and art as a stimulus for memory and imagination, art as representation rather than image-making. Because the Romans thought of nature as something to be controlled rather than imitated, as the Greeks did, their art became an unfettered vehicle for imagination unrestrained by the bounds of nature. The Roman imperial elite went so far as to create artificial environments like Hadrian's villa at Tivoli and the Baths at Caracalla, which further insulated them from nature.

Constantine's conversion to Christianity and his relocation of the capital of Rome to the East brought about a radical change in the art of Rome. Christianity's emphasis on salvation and life after death constituted a fundamental shift in emphasis: "Driven by the fear of philosophy, luxury and idolatry, and the zeal for chastity, poverty and simplicity, the members of the new church happily destroyed a world that their ancestors had built with tools shaped originally in the Greek workshop" (200). However, with characteristic reasonableness, Onians goes on to modify his overstatement; he points out that the athletics, science, literature and art of the Greeks and the sensuality and delight in fiction of the Romans survived in a new form: "As cosmology declined, theology gained vitality. In the field of letters the love song was replaced by the hymn and the speech by the sermon. Secular painting and sculpture and the worship of images may have been subject to increasing criticism but all the visual arts received a new and even greater concentration in the church" (280).

Though many of Onians' sentences abound in "must have," "may have" constructions, attesting to the speculative nature of his interpretations, the sweep of his intellectual reach and the mastery of detail in many disciplines make his speculations exhilarating. The beautiful black-and-white photographs precisely keyed to the text make his intricate arguments easy to follow. *Classical Art and the Cultures of Greece and Rome* is that rare thing—a book of serious, painstaking scholarship that also offers sustained reading pleasure. It is by no means a trivialization to say that I was as reluctant to put down Onians' art history as I am to put down a good mystery novel. After all, good scholarship and good detective work have this in common: a passionate commitment to the pursuit of truth.

Book Review

Ideas and Politics Do Matter

The Three Roosevelts by James MacGregor Burns
and Susan Dunn
Atlantic Monthly Press, 2001

BY ROBERT BENCE

One cannot always tell a book by its cover. The jacket photo adorning James MacGregor Burns and Susan Dunn's *The Three Roosevelts: Patrician Leaders Who Transformed America* does the historically impossible—offers a group photo of a mature Eleanor, Franklin and Theodore Roosevelt standing together with one of our nation's most photographed pets, the dog Fala. This magical composite may stir a reader's imagination toward the promises of a faddish biographical exposé of human frailty or a grandiose attempt to patch together broad expanses of United States history using personalities and a weak thematic adhesive. But given Burns's scholarly track record, we should know that this is a book about ideas and the art of leadership. As a longtime admirer of F.D.R. and documenter/promoter of transformational leadership, James MacGregor Burns has joined with Susan Dunn to produce a solid, basically chronological historical narrative of the politics and policies of the three Roosevelts.

The authors portray these liberal icons as leaders who stretched themselves and their nation beyond the traditional restrictive bound-

aries of both their social class and the long-cherished American principle of limited government. The book is a timely reminder that transformational leadership is quite a rare feat, both personally and politically.

While the United States constitutionally rejected the British concepts of monarchy and a "ruling aristocracy," it is ironic how often leaders related through blood and marriages have influenced different historical eras. Eleanor, Teddy's niece, would marry a distant cousin, Franklin. Transforming America to accept a larger role for Washington would be a family affair.

Theodore is clearly a groundbreaker, for his family, progressive policies and the concept of an active president. As the most intellectual of the three, he continually followed the logic of his beliefs about the need for federal government to ensure economic fairness and check the excesses of corporate power. He kept moving further to the left, beyond the mugwump reformer, occasionally even outdistancing the Progressives. One often forgets the immense far-reaching scope of T.R.'s legacy—the antitrust suits, the extension of the Interstate Commerce Commission's jurisdiction and the expansion of the national park system. Both Roosevelt presidents confronted the major hurdle to West Wing-centered transformation, sharing political power with a legislature and the courts. Many of T.R.'s progressive measures were stymied by the constitutional role of a two-house Congress. Theodore liked power, for himself, the office of the presidency and the military muscle of his nation. But U.S. presidents have to confront not only systemic hurdles but personal ones as well. The first Roosevelt's ambitious agenda was ultimately restricted by his tendency to thoroughly burn political bridges and reach further than practical politics in the early 20th century allowed. His overestimation of his strength and underestimation of the two-party system led to his abrupt dismissal from presidential politics after the 1912 election.

The New Deal and wartime policy legacies of F.D.R. are more evident, not only a result of four electoral victories in a Depression and wartime context, but also because of his well-honed ability to read the political landscape and effectively mobilize public opinion. While his campaign language was often as rhetorically sharp as his cousin's, he could work closely with political bosses and ultraconservative southern Democrats. T.R. excelled at public agitation and outrage; the

freewheeling F.D.R. excelled at publicly and privately extending the borders of the institutional presidency. But the compromises required by the U.S. system of government and the broad-based two-party system inevitably produce some disappointing inactions, often making presidents appear unprincipled. For example, in spite of Eleanor's constant advocacy, her husband placed civil rights for American-Americans on the back burner, if not off the stove altogether, fearful of losing southern support for New Deal policies. There are limits to transformations.

Eleanor Roosevelt matured politically at a much slower pace than her uncle and her husband, the men having the advantage of holding a variety of elective and appointive government offices. But her development is more impressive, because she was initially restricted not only by social class but also by low family expectations and limiting gender and spousal roles. She would have to obtain some social capital through association with activist groups and politically motivated acquaintances. Once her social consciousness had been formed and allies had been secured, she was less shackled by political realism than her husband. More than her presidential relatives, she is presented by the authors as a person motivated by liberal idealism. While Lucy Mercer is mentioned rarely in this work, it appears that Franklin's marital infidelity may have strengthened Eleanor's independence and political autonomy. Burns and Dunn portray her as a tireless worker for social justice, both domestically and internationally, even when she does not get credit for her work in monumental tasks, especially leading United Nations delegates to produce the Declaration of Human Rights.

The authors counter some standard revisionist criticisms of the Roosevelts, especially the presidents—their preservation of the basic exploitive nature of capitalism and the inability to directly confront racial prejudice. However, this is not a defensive work but, rather, a celebration of three energetic, committed but ultimately human leaders who used power to transform the United States by transforming an extensive framework of ideals into policies that provided the model for modern American liberalism and internationalism. There is nothing radically new or revealing in this well-told scholarly tale of using political tools to make ideas at least a partial reality. But it is well worth reading, if for no other reason than to remind us that elections matter, and that government, with effective leadership, can change the quality of our lives.

Contributors

Robert Bence has taught political science at Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts since 1976. He has presented numerous papers, many of them on Canada and Canadian studies. In 1992, he was a visiting professor at Simon Fraser University in British Columbia. His book reviews have appeared in *The Mind's Eye*, *The American Review of Canadian Studies*, *Africa Today* and *New Directions in Teaching*.

Vivian Dorsel is managing editor of *The Berkshire Review* and also facilitator of the Fiction Group of The Berkshire Writers Room. She recently coedited a volume on neural-network models for the Advances in Psychology Series (Elsevier Science Publishers, Amsterdam, The Netherlands). Besides *The Berkshire Review*, her work has appeared in *The Women's Times*, *The Artful Mind* and *Pif Magazine*. One of her short stories has been nominated for a 2002 Pushcart Prize.

Thomas Weston Fels currently serves as curator of the new Elizabeth de C. Wilson Museum at the Southern Vermont Arts Center, Manchester, Vermont. As a curator and writer, he specializes in photography and American culture. He is the author of numerous catalogs and articles: *O Say Can You See: American Photographs, 1839–1939* and *Watkins to Weston: 101 Years of California Photography, 1849–1950*. He has written regularly for the *Print Collectors' Newsletter* and *On Paper* magazine. His new book on collecting photography, *Sotheby's Guide to Photographs*, is soon to be scheduled for publication.

John Fragassi is a graduate of Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts, where he majored in business administration. His *Untitled* charcoal drawings were completed in Assistant Professor Greg Scheckler's Advanced Studio class during the fall of 2000.

John P. Frazee is Vice President for Academic Affairs at Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts. He is a scholar of English, which he studied during his master's and doctoral work at the University of California, Berkeley. He has published a number of articles on Victorian and 20th-century authors.

Tony Gengarelly teaches art history and museum studies at Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts. He has authored several articles and books, including the 1989 catalog *The Prendergasts and the Arts and Crafts Movement* and the

1996 monograph *Distinguished Dissenters and Opposition to the 1919–1920 Red Scare*. His essay on Frederick Strothmann's poster *Beat Back the Hun with Liberty Bonds* appears in *American Dreams: American Art to 1950 in the Williams College Museum of Art* (Hudson Hills, 2001). He has also contributed an entry, "Poster Art," to *The Guide to United States Popular Culture* (Popular Press, 2001).

Jack Handler is a "recovering lawyer" who writes essays and poetry. He is a member of the National Writers Union and serves on the board of directors of the Berkshire Writers Room.

Ben Jacques writes poetry and creative nonfiction, as well as journalistic articles, for numerous publications, including *Americas*, *Flyfishing*, *Country Journal*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, *Kansas Quarterly*, *The Mind's Eye* and *The Berkshire Eagle*. Since 1990, Professor Jacques has taught in the English and Communications Department at Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts.

Timothy Jay, a professor of psychology, has been a member of the MCLA faculty since 1976. He has worked as a professional musician and as a stained-glass craftsman throughout Ohio and New England. He spends most of his professional hours exploring Americans' use of and comprehension of taboo words. He is the author of several books, including *The Instructional Computing Manual*, *Psychology and Computer Assisted Instruction*, *Cursing in America*, *What to Do When Your Students Talk Dirty*, *What to Do When Your Kids Talk Dirty*, *Why We Curse* and *The Psychology of Language*. He is currently writing a popular version of his work on taboo words.

Meera Tamaya is a professor of English at Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts, where she teaches courses on Shakespeare and other distinguished writers. She is the author of the book *Colonial Detection: H.R.F. Keating*, as well as articles on John Sherwood, Kazuo Ishiguro, Margaret Atwood, Barbara Pym and Shakespeare. Her most recent book is *An Interpretation of Hamlet Based on Recent Developments in Cognitive Studies*.

Anna M. Warrock has received literary fellowships from the Somerville Arts Council and other awards, including the Robert Penn Warren Award from the *Cumberland Poetry Review*. Her work has been published in the *Harvard Review*, *Madison Review*, *Phoebe*, *Wild Earth* and elsewhere; performed by Row Twelve, a contemporary chamber music ensemble; and permanently installed in the Davis Square, Somerville, subway station of Boston's MBTA.

THE MIND'S EYE

Writer's Guidelines

While emphasizing articles of scholarly merit, *The Mind's Eye* focuses on a general communication of ideas of interest to a liberal arts college. We welcome expository essays as well as fiction. We publish twice a year. The deadline for the Fall issue is July 15. Deadline for the Spring issue is January 15.

Submissions should adhere to these guidelines:

1. Submit unpublished manuscripts both on paper and on disk, using either PC or MAC platform word-processing programs. Manuscripts should be typed double spaced. Your name, address, phone number and e-mail address, if available, should be listed on the cover sheet; your name should appear at the top of each page.
2. We will consider simultaneous submissions under the provision that the author notify us of this and contact us immediately if the material is accepted elsewhere.
3. If you wish your manuscript and disk returned, please enclose a return self-addressed envelope. If it is to be mailed off campus, attach sufficient postage. While we make every attempt to safeguard your manuscript and disk, we cannot be held responsible for their loss.
4. Use MLA or APA style, with in-text references, as appropriate to the content and disciplinary approach of your article (see MLA or APA stylebooks for guidelines).
5. While we will consider articles of unspecified length, preference is given to articles of under 20 pages.
6. We reserve the right to edit for clarity and accuracy.
7. We will consider one-color artwork (e.g., photographs, line drawings, woodcuts).
8. Payment will be made in contributor's copies.

Submit your manuscript to:

The Mind's Eye
Tony Gengarely, Managing Editor
Campus Box 9132
Massachusetts College of Liberal Arts
375 Church Street
North Adams, MA 01247
For queries: agengare@mcla.mass.edu

